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MARCH 1975 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

50¢

# maclean's

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## INSIDE MACLEAN'S

In the past year, Maclean's associate editor Walter Stewart has written six or eight by-lined articles and columns, plus a book that made the best-seller list. He's answered

more questions on radio phone-in shows than he can remember, and he's probably done interviews in this country + Britain, plus by showing that it can't hurt to chide over even the most serious topics. He's a man who'll write about anything and talk about everything — somewhat of a Renaissance conversationalist — but if we were forced to name his specialties we'd pick politics, the economy, and food. No wonder it was a big year for him.

All that publicity should raise him our most visible staff member. He disagrees. In fact, he claims he doesn't even count, won't yet, he thinks he can prove it.

"Even the places I work at think I don't count," he argues, plus "I travel so much I haven't an office of my own at Maclean's. When I was working at the Toronto Telegram I got married and they ran a picture of me on the social page—but the bride's picture alongside the shot of me wasn't my wife."

The best proof, though, happened last August when I was invited to speak to a conference of agricultural economists in Quebec City. I was in Quebec to speak, and Walter's radio show, *Man Hunt*, was also to speak, and when he got there he asked where I was. "Don't you know?" the chairman asked. "Walter Stewart's dead." So they put up on stage and paid a small tribute to my memory."

After hearing that we started gathered evidence to prove once and for all that Walter Stewart does exist. What we found included: three books, two of which — *Shag and Head To Swallow* — were best sellers, a musical comedy, *The Ophelia*, which supposedly knocked them out at the University of Toronto; several decades back, a multitude of by-lines in several publications, and around 60 articles in five years at Maclean's.

But we got the proof we needed when checking with the accounting department. Every payday, regular as clockwork, some guy named Walter Stewart claims he works here.



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NAME  
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# ANDREW ROMAN TILTS AT WINDMILLS FOR US ALL

By Walter Stewart

Andrew Roman is an optimist, a dreamer and a hard worker, which in more, because if he weren't he might be tempted to cut his throat. As General Counsel for the Consumers' Association of Canada, he spends much of his time bashing his head against the brick wall of official obduracy on your behalf and mine. Certainly, he admits, the CAC has not achieved everything it hoped for in its own efforts to date (a poky 10 percent in railway passenger fares). A hearing was held on April 4 to determine whether the intervention would be allowed, but the decision was reserved, and reserved, and reserved. In September, the CAC withdrew its application, the price plan had been in place for five months, and the commission had still not made up its mind whether it would hear arguments against them.

In the meantime, however, the CAC had jumped up to 10 percent fare increases in railway tickets. Canada's major airlines had soon reflex that they would like domestic fare by 8.5% on July 21 (on top of a 10.5% increase five months earlier). The airlines are not required to prove they need more money; they have only to notify the CTC in advance and go through a drawn-out process of ministerial intervention. The CAC tried and it found that the figures it needed to prove the case against the new fares were all in the hands of the companies, who wouldn't release them. And because the rates were sensitive, airlines a case against them could be proved before July 21, there was no time to gather evidence. The airlines were so confident, they began collecting the new fares even before they had been voted by the CTC. Their optimism was justified. Guy Robert, sitting chairman of the air transport committee of the CTC, obviously annoyed the commission, he told Roman that his committee, not the consumer group, was the custodian of the public interest. After dismissing the CAC application, the committee heard two days of explanations from the airlines before agreeing that everything they asked.

He quit, went to law school and emerged, in 1971, looking for causes to champion. As an artfully student he did volunteer work for the Consumers' Association, and when the Federal government extended a grant to enable the CAC to continue the consumers' cause, Roman went on full-time staff.

We live in a regulated society, there are 120 tribunals at the federal level alone responsible for everything from the price you pay for airline tickets to the amount of gas we will expect to the U.S. Senate. As Finance Minister John Turner once noted, "I've looked at a lot of regulatory agencies, and I believe that every one of them tends to reflect the interests of the industry it is supposed to be regulating." Most of our watchdogs are puppets.

Roman's job is to try to right the balance. CAC, like Pollution Probe, intervenes from time to time in applications before public tribunals. To date, Roman has taken four key cases, and they are worth examining, briefly, in view of the way government regulation works.

In October, 1973, when Ontario Hydro applied to the National Energy Board for permission to increase Hydro exports to the U.S., the CAC, with help from Pollution Probe, sought to show that Hydro would simply be taking in American pollution. Ontario would bring in more U.S. oil to produce more power to ship back across the border, the Crown agency would gain about \$10 million dollars, the actual costs to Canada would come to about \$5.3 million. In rebuking a key Hydro witness inside the hearing, Roman pointed out that benefits to states for power exports are taken into the rate of repayment of loans. Roman wanted to know if he would consider pollution-related debts a benefit to underwriters, but the Hydro man thought not. The NEB dismissed the CAC witnesses and their arguments, but did hint that Hydro should, in future, make some calculation of social costs in such cases.

In March, 1974, the CAC asked the Canadian Transportation Commission for the right to appear before it to



present testimony on railway passenger fares. A hearing was held on April 4 to determine whether the intervention would be allowed, but the decision was reserved, and reserved, and reserved. In September, the CAC withdrew its application, the price plan had been in place for five months, and the commission had still not made up its mind whether it would hear arguments against them.

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Finally, Roman sharpened up his lance to hit at the Bell Canada telephone rate increases for Ontario and Quebec. Bell wanted to increase revenues by \$31.8 million, the CAC, with the aid of the governments of Ontario and Quebec and a consumer advocate who called himself Action Bell Canada, managed to trim away about four million dollars.

The solution is all these cases is much the same: an industry applies to a regulatory agency for economic benefit, the agency, after dismissing interventions such as the CAC with more or less pleasure, rules out the powers. There is a political hearing and the symbiotic presumption that everything is okay, we, as consumers, may be being ripped off, but it is all done according to proper form.

And yet Roman remains an optimist, and he advocates some means to expand his good cheer. His kind of interventionism, now, can wait until the industry and the regulatory agencies have formed a cozy club, the challenge that consumer and environmental groups represent takes nothing to do, so, "You can't expect too much right away." In fact, Roman says, he has made some headway. Mr. Bell didn't get everything she wanted; the savings did enough to some (figures, eventually, that the CAC may use next time).

If Roman and his kind keep pushing hard enough, we may even get regulatory agencies to throw away their rubber stamps and put up off their knobs, which would be a blessed relief to us all.

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# SCIENCE

## EDWARD DAVISON: PROGRAMMING THE WAR AGAINST CANCER

By Wayne Campbell

In science, major advances in one field often await later original developments in another. The work of a Toronto expert in computer control theory is a good example of this sort of cross-pollination. Edward Davison, a professor of electrical engineering at the University of Toronto, and a virtual stranger to biological laboratories, may well have come up with the quantum map needed to help bio-scientists understand the chemistry of the living cell. And he may also have discovered what goes wrong with a cell when it transforms itself into the deadliest of modern scourges, cancer.

Although several agents are known to induce cancer and an army of drugs have been produced to slow its spread, the root causes of the disease are still a mystery. Current treatments, the cobalt beams, drugs, and surgical removal of certain tumors, are basically primitive methods of dealing with the problem. To Dr. J. P. Whetford, head of a National Research Council laboratory investigating the disease, an approach to the treatment of cancers is analogous to having a light by breaking the bulb. "The dramatic cancer discovery," he says, "isn't to use a clear idea of where the bulb went off, but to pick up the bulb to the new place." What Edward Davison appears to have done is to find this switch (the fine quantum map for turning it off) by directing a computer model of the cell and causing it to transform into a cancerous condition.

Davison, at the age of 36, is regarded as one of the world's leading authorities on linear control theory, he develops computer models that describe the behavior of such physical systems as nuclear reactors, industrial processes, and space flights. His studies in biology hasn't come via the usual laboratory methods, but from solitary reading sessions and the endless manipulations of computer programs. It was the space program of the States that helped convince him a computer model of a cell was possible.

"Take the flight of *Mirage to Moon*," he says. "The path of the spacecraft was plotted by building a mathematical model of the system. Information on things such as rocket thrust, planetary motion, and gravitational fields were plugged into mathematical equations and given to the computer for solution. Sure enough, the craft behaved precisely as the computer model predicted it would."

The modeling approach is more difficult with the cell because of the great complexity of the living system. Not only are there hundreds of chemical processes taking place simultaneously, but they are governed by "feed-back" controls that set the levels of the various chemicals. And the system is able to grow, reproducing itself by division into two new "daughter" cells, which grow in turn. The web of chemical processes of division and counter-division, is life itself, the "wild spark" natural philosophers used to talk about.

Davison's approach to the problem was elegant in its simplicity. He considered only 30 of the many known chemical reactions in the nucleus (the cell's control center) and issued the following instructions to the computer: interpret

these reactions into a system that behaves like a living cell, growing, dividing when it doubles in size, and so on. Because there was no information available on the amounts of the various chemicals involved in these reactions (biochemists only understood their nature) the computer had to search for them, an experience that gives the program

Using a sophisticated search technique (appropriately called the Monte Carlo method), Davison finally started the computer at the University of Toronto through that mass of possibilities for two years before arriving at a working cell model. Electronic circuits of metal and glass were finally made to simulate the stuff of life within the cell.

It was a system held together by clipping chemical precursors in much the same way as a house of cards is maintained by opposing pressures. The computer model can be thought of in these terms — a lowering contraction of outer skin and delicate reaching to the center.

Davison then began to poke and probe the model to test its sensitivity. He wanted to know what kind of inputs it could absorb and still go on living. Using computer language, he did a number of things to the model cell to give an overdose of radiation, reducing the level of some vital chemicals, increasing the level of another. After every change caused the structure to collapse into a disordered blob, representing a breakdown of the complex system of biological cell death.

There were some changes, however, that did not kill the computer model cell. "Instead of dying," says Davison, "the cell went through a transitional state and emerged in a new state of balance that was 10 times longer and grew five times faster than the normal cell. Large, robust and differentiated by rapid growth — it had all the earmarks of a tumor cell."

Instead of ending up in a disordered heap, the cards ended into a squat and more stable form, less vulnerable to destruction — a new iteration of the original structure.

Putting onto the molecular workings of the cell model, Davison identified what had gone wrong. "The cell transformed because of an increase in the production of messenger-RNA [mRNA], he says. "This chain-like molecule transports messages from the genes on how to put proteins together, substances vital to the growing process." This startling result tended to verify what many scientists already suspected to be one of the causes of cancer, and lent instant evidence to the computer model.

Whether or not Davison's work is the long-awaited breakthrough in cancer research is a question that biologists from Cambridge to Britain and Princeton and Berkeley in the United States will try to resolve by using the predictions of the model in the laboratory. If it is a true model, and this seems likely, then scientists can focus their attention on ways of arresting this deadly increase in messenger-RNA production. To succeed at this would be one long step toward the elimination of cancer as a threat to human life.



# FREEDOM IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

By Myrna Kosash

Jane and I work in the same office. But there the similarity ends. I am mobile, without children, and work in two different cities. Jane is a divorcee with three children, married to one office and one household. I am called an associate producer and take home \$480 every two weeks; she is called an assistant to the studio administrator and takes home \$200. The difference shows up in work styles, too. No one is going to show me out for coming in at 11 a.m., taking two-hour lunch breaks and leaving at four. Jane's job would be in jeopardy. When we go out for lunch, she checks her watch every 10 minutes. Oftentimes staff is expendable.

Offices sometimes fly into negotiations with the boss. Subtle assistance of the packing order. Discipline. Do this, do that, hurry, hurry, hurry. The girls, sweetie, love, honey. Eat in my corner and thank God and the universe for having allotted me a place in the intelligentsia. The privileges are sweet.

And I suppose my kind of life is what the North American women's movement had in mind when, starting with Betty Friedan, it urged women to quit their houses and get out into the world of "real" work and the pay cheque. Nobody can knock the pay cheque. It has blessed millions of women from the seclusion and isolation of housework by which we are bound to one man in exchange for a pittance. Wage work makes economic independence and provides the chance to work with others.

But the kind of work that Friedan had in mind was not what many women want: fast, up-and-down, intermittent, dead-end, low-pay, no-growth, sweatshops. They want talking, about the kind of work that is in fact only available to a tiny percentage of working women: Women's work in the security of marriage, undemanding and devoted — look at who does what in a bank, an Arts and Sciences Faculty office, a Boeing 747 — and it corresponds precisely with the myth that women are physically, emotionally and intellectually incapable of working any other way. Very real.

Nevertheless, Jane's job in the office is her version of the great escape. From going stir-crazy at home living lonely with four kids, from the relentless routine of housework. Maybe it isn't the job she dreamed of when she was a girl but, as women's jobs go, she feels lucky.

"I wanted to be a nurse but my parents told me they could only afford one more year of school for me after high school and they thought I should have a grade. It was also probably out of the question that I go to university. Getting a trade and being self-supporting was the most important thing. So the best they could do for their children was to get them out into the world able to take care of themselves. I resented that because I really wanted to go to university. I cried about it. I didn't want to be a secretary."

"I grew up with kids who had more money than we did. I was in the commercial class in high school, they were in the Latin class. These kids' parents had university degrees. If you're intelligent, you make a lot of money, it seems to me. If you're poor, all your mental energy goes to figuring



out how to make ends meet. That's what all mine goes, and I don't want it to go that way."

"The year before I came to the Film Board I had been divorced and hadn't been working. Before that, I had had unstructured jobs. Then I decided to get a job again and worked as the secretary for the owner of a small textile factory. I made \$325 a week. It was very depressing. My boss made everyone feel like peasants. I knew that even if a woman is just finishing a pin in a dress, she's still a person. One morning I came in, typed a letter of resignation, left it on the desk and walked out, thinking, God, where am I going to get money now?"

The Film Board was convenient to get to. And I noticed it had a brewe, big glass doors, and a red carpet on the floor. I thought, this looks like a nice place to work at. I guessed the person who was interviewing me and I looked nice, pleasant, kind. I got the job as secretary for the executive producer of the Television Studio. Fantastic, I'll be right there! I had this vision of myself slapping a green pad and cleaning off all our names and writing like a TV studio."

"In other jobs, I was used to saying 'Mister this, Mister that' or 'Mister that.' But this office they didn't have any titles, just Jane. Not this office, they play a game. And they're referred to as the miffs. Jane. The fact that we all call each other by first names is a blessing. No more Mister. I liked this job right away. I liked the work I was doing, the script I was typing up, the films I heard discussed, interviewing unrelated news. Even the latrines I typed up were interesting. And I had a place where I belonged."

But no matter which way I angle it, I'm always short. Rent, food, running the car. I mind at least \$115 every two weeks just for my family to live. When the car breaks down, I have to borrow from my father to pay the repair bills. I'm always behind. I have two charge accounts which are up to the limit. Surenow, every pay cheque, I've managed to put away \$25. Even if we don't eat that, money gets put aside because this summer I'm going to Europe on a sabbatical.

"Sure, I wish sometimes I was a single woman. That I could take off and do whatever I want. But I like what I've got. My family and our little house I've fixed up. An interesting job. Meeting people. And I clean it all myself."

The contradictions inherent in the situation of women right now are obvious. On the one hand, we are being told to "liberate" ourselves through wage work. Most women who try that end up in a structural pool or at a bottomless panhandle running far less than men and calling their superiors "Mister." Being a liberating experience. On the other hand, women can stay at home, but doing that costs a lot more. We end up letting the kids and letting our husbands do just money. Jane, in a way, has found a working compromise. Since she's the mif, she at least insists it be worthy of her time and intelligence. Is her term. And maybe that's what liberating work is about.

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# THE JOYS OF COLLECTING: IN A PINCH, YOU CAN ALWAYS SELL IT

By Barrie Hale

In these uncertain days there is a kind of art collecting going on that most surely tempts the more frantically vocal speculator on the international cultural exchange. It is typified by the sale of Jackson Pollock's *Blue Peter* — a large, landmark painting in the history of abstract-expressionism and indeed in all of modern art. *Blue Peter* went to the Australian National Gallery in 1973 for two million dollars, and by the Americas art collector Ben Hecht, Hecht bought it in 1956, the year of Pollock's death, for \$32,000. His sale to Australia represents an appreciation in value of some 6,200%. Not bad.

Of course there is more to collecting than that. An Australian journalist called Douglas Davis, an American artist and *Newswise's* art critic, if Davis thought the price Australia had paid was too high, so, Davis said, it wasn't high enough — and he was right, because there is no ultimate price for the irreplicable. When the sale was announced, Hecht was the number two host to a string of visitors who came to say goodbye to the painting. Once the sale was accomplished Hecht was a troubled man — there was that huge empty space on his apartment wall and all anybody wanted to talk about was the two million dollars not the painting itself.

As a somewhat more modest collector of art for the past decade, I can sympathize with Hecht. Even though nobody has offered me two million dollars for one of the pictures I own, and nobody is likely to, for various reasons. I am all by living artists, for one thing — I think they're all alive; sometimes, like at a party, it is hard to tell. They are all by artists who are still relatively young (35 to 45, most of them) and they are nearly all by Canadian artists. Hence, most of them lack the major qualifications for speculative appraisement in dollar value — disseminated institutional celebrity, termination of supply due to the death of the artist, or, failing that, the destruction of having been made by an artist nearly at the end of a long career of work.

But I am as deeply involved in art as Hecht, again from the disparity in financial wherewithal. I do know what saying good-bye to a picture is like. At one time or another half a dozen of my pictures have gone out on loan to galleries and museums. The last time I sent one to a country about the importance of the picture, I wrote to the country about the importance of the picture. I wrote to the point, I will be without my big Bob Murrphy for about 10 months, and that's a wrench. There is a great, remarkable *equilibrium* on my wall. The first time I loaned one of them it had hung in my bedroom and I remembered the effect it was of months of disquieting solicitude, as if one of my bedroom walls had been blown away, and none of my life remained as it was.

The effect that binds us most to Hecht, as far as our apparent contemporary concerns, I don't know that much about his collecting but I do know that he recently paid \$345,000 for a Jasper Johns. He appears to be distanced from that 4% of collectors who acquire, say, an exquisite little Matsumi collection — cultural snobs, in other words, so admirable in art history's estimation that there is no risk what-



soever in their ownership. There is a great element of risk in collecting contemporary art; you purchase for your own satisfaction that is going on right now, which usually means there will be some gain between it and the stuff you learned about in school and heard discussed at your parents' dinner table. Most of the collectors I know are around my age or a little older (35 to 45, again) and most of them, by means of the art they collect, have made a clear break with their origins. Given they buy and continue to buy contemporary art they easily find themselves fools in the eyes of family, friends and peers, or, as their peers over art criticism for some rationale to justify their actions, fools in the eyes of those whose business it is to evaluate the new. Against this, all we have is a growing sense that we are apprised that kind of perception of surpassing傻瓜 (stupid) beauty that art has always been about, but, in our case, is embodied particularly in the art of our time and place. What that costs, and what it is worth, is still without measure, 8,200% appreciated or not.

You get into the game by getting your share on the mailing lists of a bunch of galleries, going to the exhibitions as they come up, and keeping your eyes open. The observe stage, during which one must buy something, anything, comes quickly, and resisting the urge is bad for your health. Ten years ago, I hung around too long in front of a Michael Snow drawing, I liked it very much, knew I could buy it on time, intended to buy it, yet I vacillated, looking the show over for other things I couldn't afford. Finally, I was justified by somebody else who had bought the thing behind my back. It was a *pinch*-winning experience. I can only compare with certain hideously disastrous educational experiences of course (retirement). Now, when I am thinking of buying, I check out the works before it is shown, formally, if I can.

Some people collect exhibition postcards and notices in which the same works that Solange Pringault collected three instances ago are in trades or shown in a brief new world there for the taking if you are good enough. And part of collecting contemporary art is like that; all collectors are to a certain extent self-regarding members of a club made all the more exclusive by the fact that most people are only dimly aware that it is a club at all. There is a limit to this. It is called insularity, and all efforts to disprove the boundary seem fruitless reductions. People do not ever the Arthur M. Klein Memorial Gallery because of the academic currency and whitish embedded in the life story of Arthur Klein, they go there to look at his pictures. In a way, this is unfair — wisdom and courage, among other things, we exactly what Klein had going for him when he first bought those pictures, long before the rest of us caught up with him and began to perceive their real value. If he didn't collect them — hoarded them greedily — they might have been scattered or perhaps lost, and so, in a very sad sense, collections of contemporary art hold the future in trust for the less adventurous or the less learned. Those of us who are good at it do, anyway, and a *pinch* of the big for the rest of you guys.

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## Stelco boosts capacity of Canada's largest steel plant to record 6 million tons



Left—Stelco is a pioneer for the environment by the spending to date on environmental of a total of \$100 million to improve the quality of life. Hilton Works is the first plant to implement a system for reducing emissions to acceptable levels.

Below—One of the many new facilities at Stelco's Hilton Works mill which will add substantially to the total production of flat products.



Left—Stelco's Hilton Works now has greater capacity for the production of premium quality hot-rolled 2400 sheet. The capacity is being upgraded to 2600' P and 3500' P to prepare the mill for rolling.

Stelco—Canada's foremost steelmaker—has substantially increased steel output to meet the burgeoning demand of Canadian industry. In fact, the past twenty years have seen a steady increase of growth in Stelco's works in Waterloo, Ontario, widely regarded as one of the world's most efficient steel plants. Since 1969, at a cost of approximately \$400 million, Stelco has been engaged in expanding and renovating the facilities at Hilton Works to bring the plant's capacity up to 6 million tons of steel per year. This major project is now in its final phase.

The intensive activity at Hamilton is only one facet of Stelco's current expansion program which is underway in almost all Canadian industrial centers. Other major plants are located in Cochrane, P.Q., Northern Ontario, Edmonton, Wetaskiwin, Barrington and the north shore of Lake Erie. The stage has been set for a doubling of Stelco's steel production capabilities by the 1980s.

At present, there is a tight steel supply situation throughout the world. Canada needs more steel than is now produced domestically. Stelco is working vigorously to fulfill that need.

### The Hilton Works expansion and modernization program:

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  - new gas-fired catalytic exco
  - hot mill
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# ALL THAT GLITTER IS DEFINITELY GOLD

By Ray Magadry

Gold can drive men mad and the mania now in progress is the gold-trading mania of the world bears witness to that.

The price of gold took off from \$38 an ounce three years ago and after much stagnation and flagging almost hit \$500 an ounce at the turn of this year. In the process, financial wizards and ordinary folk were transformed from skeptics about its value in an instant into complete converts, a rising whoop-de-do market can do that. There are the stories of people buying gold now, knowing little about it, because the presence of the gleam of Zurich, mysterious international speculators and the traditional gold boursemen of the Middle and Far East.

From the 1930s until a few years ago, the price of gold scarcely moved from \$35 an ounce, the official U.S.-pegged price. Most people thought gold was an investment was a dead duck. But now, even Canadians who have not been known as gold hoarders are looking quickly about the signs of owning chunky gold bars, wafers and bullion coins.

The new gold rush is having an effect on those who don't care a whit about it as an investment. A Toronto dentist I know silently carries the gold market each time he has to talk to a patient about the need for a gold cap or bridgework. "I had to tell a patient recently that a second bridge would cost \$600, up \$300 from the tab on the first job." Dental gold has jumped from under \$100 an ounce to over \$200. Jewelry-makers are feeling the impact too. One jeweler says even his well-heeled customers now eyebrow at the new price; one gold bracelet he sells leaped from \$350 to \$500 in two years.

The commercial uses of gold — in jewelry, dentistry, electronics, the aerospace arts — are growing, but that didn't send the price rocketing up by more than 300% in the past three years. That job was done by speculators and hoarders who bought because they thought the price will rise or because they think their wealth will be safer in gold than in bank deposits or other investments.

The dedicated gold bugs feel that it is all that stands between them and a world in economic chaos. They blithely gesticulate for issuing inflation ("debasement") the currency in order to finance welfare and other social programs. They claim to foresee hyper-inflation in business, depression, depression, social disorder and the advent of dictators. Doomsday, in other words. Gold is salvation they sing, because through the world's long history of money trouble gold has always survived as a form of wealth. Plenty of currencies, stocks and bonds have not.

One of the more interesting and rational gold advocates, Dr. Harry Schulz of Amsterdam, forecasts another price increase for gold this year — a rise of 30% to 35%. Schulz is a wiry, dark, unshaven American who published an investment-advice letter out of London for 11 years but recently fled to Amsterdam because he thought England was on the brink of collapse (thanks to bonds, socialism and



the decline of English industry). He gives personal financial recommendations for \$1,000 an hour.

The fat is waisted (incredibly) when a financial writer kinetics on his door. Over a cold sandwich recently, Schulz let me in on the bad news for the rest of this year: inflation as we know it will go for the rest of the year, inflation as we know it will go for the rest of the year. Inflation will be 17%; in several major hemisphere and bank markets will occur in some countries, there will be higher unemployment. Britain will sink right out of sight in a morass of economic woes, the U.S. will flounder like a ship without a skipper. Canada will continue to look as good as anybody, which will be pretty bad, the stock market will revive but only temporarily; and gold, beautiful gold, eventually will take off again for \$500 an ounce — "I could go higher, and will, \$500."

Schulz is a moderate fellow in comparison with other pillars of gloom who are truly predicting nothing in the winter before next Christmas. The gold bugs, if you listen to them, will stare the hell out of you, and that's the idea — without fear in the misfortune, there can be no profit for the gold prophet.

But I must admit that there is a glimmer of truth in there pessimism. It is a fact that our dollar (the 1963 Canadian dollar, the one used as a standard in the consumer price index) was worth \$1.75 at the end of the Second World War and will now buy only 57 cents worth of goods. It is also a fact that the U.S. dollar is no longer the supreme medium of exchange in the world it once was. And according to a Gallup Poll last year, 51% of Canadians expect a worse dollar.

You are entitled to worry a little. And if you turn on buying gold as a hedge against disaster, you can go to a bank or investment broker and say gold bars and wafers that range in size from a tiny one up to 500 ounces you can buy gold coins, large or coin dealers, at a bank, or you can invest in gold via the Weaner Commodity Exchange, or you can buy the shares of gold mining companies or the theory that a strong gold market retains profitable mining. Some of these products are definitely hazardous for the beginner because the price of gold goes up and down like a yo-yo. It would be safest to stick to gold bars and wafers, and to the shares of Canadian gold-mining companies.

But don't get swept up in the gold craze. A huge amount of gold is now held by speculators and hoarders. What happens if they all decide to sell? If you had most of your assets in gold in a market goes sour you would be burned under an avalanche of falling prices. The currently existing gold price rests firmly on the assumption that nobody will spend the last by selling — a shaky assumption.

And real though our economic problems are, I think we may long along for a while yet. To believe in disaster strikes us as unshakable, there is something appealing about squaring away money in a chart of metal, gleaming in predictions of Armageddon and gleaming over one's cleverness in making preparations for it. No thanks. My ship's go down on the side of organized society, not terror or worse.

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# YOUR VIEW

## Money down the drain/ Compulsory mis-education/Womanly art of self-defense

Walter Stewart's timely attack against the dismal record of economists, *fixed Taxes for New Rock bottom* (December), correctly argues that the present situation cannot simply be equated to 1929. But he loses his argument against severe depression on some questionable grounds. Perhaps more importantly he appears to ignore the pre-1930 collapse of the Toronto money market. The depression, rather than the collapse simply signalled already evident contradictions. Through most of the Twenties the rate of profit had been declining, excess capacity had been increasing, slumping and the rate of investment was only half of its pre-war average.

The point to be made about the seriousness of the current situation lies elsewhere than in the steady decline of the market. For example, the liquidity ratio — the ratio between cash and liquid assets — has declined from well over 70% after World War II to less than 15% today. Thus it requires only a very broad cut in demand to set off bankruptcy and this is especially so in the smaller or medium-sized industry which is the backbone of the North American economy. Finally it needs to be pointed out that a rise in profits is usually a signal of coming trouble. If the rate of profit increases then the rate of investment will increase. Not only is this unlikely in a mature industrial economy but when it happens rapidly the necessary equilibrium between investment and consumer goods comes unmet and the economy suffers severe depression. All of these

problems are compounded — as Stewart hints at — by the intrusion of the European and Japanese economies, thus causing various trade conflicts that have plagued Western economies in the past.

Stewart may be quite right in arguing that the coming hard times will be less severe than the early Thirties but it might also be — and one would hope so — that the tolerance of government and corporate power will be much less.

SETH PHILLIPS, McMaster University, Hamilton, Ont.

### Streaming the kids

Two articles by Heather Robertson in the January issue of *Mercury* deserve critical consideration. The first of those about Toronto Douglas is an introductory page is nothing but digressing. Here we have Heather, a relatively unknown writer, writing in a more pretentious manner about one of Canada's most distinguished citizens. Disingenuous for many reasons including political biases, social reform and an almost uncalled sense of humor. It reminds me of the trifles trying to penetrate the elite.

In her article on schools, Heather's attitude seems to have been based on the fact that one teacher once had the temerity to hold her! Apparently she has heard of schools and all teachers ever after that would assault. This apparently hardly leads her to reading statements that are misleading because she contains errors and affects. For instance, she accuses the

BRUCE KIRKIN, Faculty of Education, University of British Columbia

### Women without men

When the glorious day comes when Myra Kostant's compensated efforts to fall in love with another woman are rewarded, and her "fright" for men is finally overcome, what will be the next step? It's obvious, isn't it? Since we'll no longer need men to study our law, we'll just have to keep a law of the Justifications entitling us to assist in the removal of the female race, and the next of them can be killed off!

CHARLOTTE MARSH, BONHAM, PEI

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### Appraising Cutler

Your December issue was one of the best yet. I was especially stirred by Cutler's *Last Stand* by May Coffey. Her article was so true that it almost makes one embarrassed to be a Canadian. When are Canadian people going to come to life? Canadians must be the most apathetic people in the world!

I was very pleased to see *Mercury's* great such an article. It probably



Erica Bannister liked to chat with passing gondoliers from her balcony at the Gritti Palace

## How to recognize a great hotel



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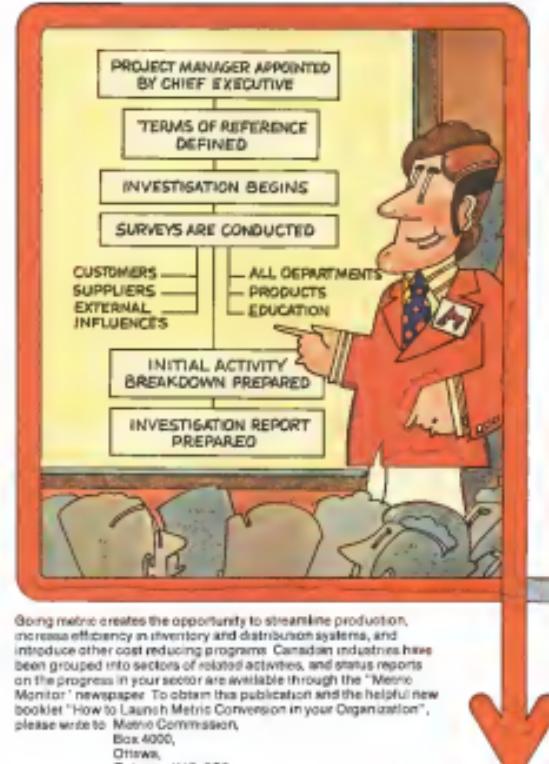
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# THE CONDOMINIUM CONUNDRUM

Some housing solutions are less perfect than others

BY WALTER STEWART

When Gord and Kit Colman moved into a condominium apartment they thought their troubles were over. They had escaped the gripes of homeownership with bad-tempered neighbors, disgruntled landlords, tanking real estate values and breaking windows. They had left behind the high apartment rent, where month after month they kept paying out money and much after month it disappeared, leaving not a trace behind. In a house you own something, it builds up equity; you are a owner of property, even if the mortgage and the taxes and expenses are a constant drain on an apartment, you own nothing, and you never know when the rent is going to be raised, or by how much, or whether you will be turned out into the cold.

But a condominium is something else. You buy it, just as you would a house, except that the price is lower and the down payment much smaller. You know what you will be paying every month and that it won't vary much, even in the teeth of inflation. Your home increases in value in the housing market, so you are building up equity at the time. Yet there is no use for you to shovel the garage to let in more light to cut—all that is looked after by the association management. Hurray.

Then why are Gord and Kit Colman among us, living now in a St. John's, Newfoundland, Ontario apartment complex, albeit a condominium? Why have they sold off their neighbors' friends and fellow citizens in a newly formed condominium homeowners' association to join the building to organize the commonplace, to make sure that nothing is left out?

Because the theory and practice of condominium dwelling in Canada are not always the same. In theory the condominium is the answer to the housing crisis, the bright pathway to the future.

In practice, well, listen to Kit Colman for a moment: "The bloody price drives me crazy. It was built like a matchbox, and there is no privacy, no privacy at all. If you knock on the wall like this [thumping] they can hear you one floor down and one floor up. When the people upstairs turn the TV on, we get the program. Who the hell does the people of over the building say, 'Oh the Colmans just finished the joins.' And if

## "MOST CONDOMINIUMS ARE SIMPLY AIR-CONDITIONED NIGHTMARES, AND THE REST AREN'T AIR-CONDITIONED"

you break wood, God help you."

Kit is slender and vigorous and quick; her indignation bubbles around the more inches off the wall, she is a housewife, she spends most of her time here; her action is personal and intense. Gord, who teaches English in a community college, tends more to the abstract. He is a medium-sized man but his reddish hair, barebusted musclete and rugged features make him look like a tollkeeper, a tollbooth warden, a tollbooth grime in glaze of an axe.

"We have been told that the condominiums are the perfect housing solution," he says. "But in reality, they provide very seldom, except temporary, except for a small segment of Canadians. We have heard told that is the dream of the future, but in the end it makes sense, it is simply an air-conditioned nightmare, in the otherwise it is an air-conditioned."

The Colmans' St. John's home is in one of the dozen of condominiums I visited in a six-week, cross-country in-

vestigation, and their complaints, bitter enough that most, sum up the views of at least half of the condominium dwellers I interviewed.

The message I get — from politicians, planners, condominium owners, indeed from almost everyone except the developers who are anxious to make a buck by generating their next round of condominiums — comes down to this: condominiums make more sense than high-rise apartments; they are more economical than single-family dwellings for the size of space and resources, but they are frequently plagued with chronic problems relating the grad, stability and efficiency of some developments, and with long-run problems common to all forms of high density living.

At best, they are not a long-term solution to the housing crisis. They are merely a convenient sprung-off place for young (preferably) children couples who are waiting to accumulate enough capital to buy a house, and for older folk waiting to retire or the — "the newly wed and nearly dead" of real estate jargon. In Canada's chronic housing market, the difference between being one of the explorers and one of the exploited is the price of a down payment; for now, because of its economic advantage, the condominium is a good place to start that down payment. And that's all.

The point is worth underlining because much of recent federal policy, but in the private sector as well, of the government level, has been aimed at encouraging the growth of condominiums and particularly higher condominiums (which are cheaper than town houses). The offerings on National Housing Act

Walter Stewart is an associate editor of Maclean's and author of the recently published book, *Hard To Swallow*.

# CONDOMINIUMS ARE ONLY A STOPGAP SOLUTION FOR MOST PEOPLE

Look in 1980, most of Canada are unable to apply for a first mortgage, but its not uncommon. Ontario's Amherst Home Ownership Plus program, most cities, will assist you with a condominium, but not into a house, even the new \$300 homebuyer grant for first-time purchasers of new dwellings seems aimed at condominiums — \$500 won't help much to buy an average Toronto home costing \$14,651, when the down payment was about \$17,500, but may help you into the average condominium apartment, selling for \$39,000, with a down payment of less than \$5,000.

Not surprisingly, real estate agents are passing and taping the prices of condominiums, not surprisingly, although the concept first came to Canada in 1957, Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation has already approved loans for more than 40,000 condominium owners, not surprisingly, condominiums have grabbed up an increasing share of the mortgage money in such housing crisis centres as Toronto and Vancouver. In Toronto alone, 10,000 new condominium units will be built this year and by 1980, according to an office of A. E. LePage Ltd., realtor, two-thirds of all house building in Metro Toronto will be condominiums.

What is surprising is that the federal government, while it seems to have set off this industry, has no particular brief for condominiums.

A senior official of the Department of Urban Affairs in Ottawa told me, "Of course we're pushing condominiums but it's sheer necessity. We set the emphasis at a level where they just don't apply to houses." (For example, while guidelines were set for federal funding last year, the Amherst Home Ownership Plus program was set at \$32,000 in Toronto and Vancouver and invited loans at \$40,000; at those levels, houses are almost impossible to buy in either city, but highrise condominiums can be easily financed.) I put this to Urban Affairs Minister Binnie Dawson, and he said, "That sounds like a fair summary." I put it to David Cremm, coordinator of the policy research group for CMHC (a brilliant young man who lives in an Ottawa condominium highrise), and he said, "We have no policy preference for what form housing takes; our programs are not specially directed toward one form."

But if they wind up going into condominiums, it doesn't mean how you intended them. "It's very true," Wray said. "That's very true, but the point I'm making is that this is not a policy decision."

So does this have a policy planning, or is it just that we have to live in condominiums and cannot afford houses? condominiums have not, in my opinion. Indeed, we are going to have these problems. A fascinating study I ran across in the CMHC Ottawa library which seems to mirror the government's specific interest in propagating condominiums. That study, *Environmental Change*, a report to the CMHC on social effects in housing, was prepared by William McEachern of the Centre for Urban and Community Studies at the University of Toronto. Professor McEachern, after 87 pages of significant suggestion that highrise living, under any form of ownership, presents social problems. When you look away the jargon, McEachern found that people like houses and they enjoy life more in houses than anywhere else, that makes this arresting point:

"Condominium highrise apartments are not substitutes for the spatial components of single-family homes."

Highrise housing — serves a limited purpose for a limited period. Should the government and the housing industry continue to be guided by free market induced land values toward the unrelenting production of highrise apartments in metropolitan areas in the major cities to the need for more dwelling units, then it will be serving the needs of no one in the situation. Government land banks which allow land values to rise and more different forms from conventional alternatives are a social desperation."

McEachern's opinion is shaky but his reasoning is clear, step probing condominiums. That report was set for federal funding last June, 1973, and passed a place of honor on a book shelf at the CMHC. It was followed by the unveiling of the policies that have helped to promote the current condominium boom. I put the McEachern view to Urban Affairs Minister Dawson soon after he assumed his portfolio and he said he'd never heard of McEachern or his report, but he sure would look it up. I put it to David Cremm and he said, "We didn't ask McEachern to come in to such sweeping conclusions. We asked him to do a very limited study." Okay, but he has done more to conclude, "Well, that's not what we asked for."

So it seems we are going to have a lot more condominiums not because we want them, not because they make good sense, just because.

Condominium ownership is as old as Babylon (around 3000 B.C.), all the same implies in that number of owners each have a piece of common property

— a house, an apartment, a row of town houses — and each owns his share outright, as opposed to owning a share of a corporation that covers the property in a city. If you live in a condominium — the main concern from — you own everything inside the floor walls and in all probability the outside of the windows. The outside belongs to what is called "the common elements" — the private land around the building, the balconies, hallways, swimming pool, laundry rooms and so forth — which is owned jointly by the condominium corporation. You own part of that corporation too and with it go the rights to use the common elements and the dues, social and financial, of common ownership. You can sell, or anyone you choose to, at whatever price you can get (in a co-op, you normally have to sell back to the coop at the same price you paid.)

The obvious advantage is economic. The Coffeyton couldn't afford to buy a Toronto house, but they could afford one of 225 units in a 15-story apartment building. Their two-balcony unit cost \$39,000 when they bought it in 1971, they just down \$5,500, and began making payments of \$179 a month, including a fee of \$25 for their share of maintaining the common elements when they took ownership in March, 1972. In an apartment, they had been paying \$790 monthly and that would already have jumped considerably over time. What's more, the monthly payment was nearly paid out down a horizontal hole, the Coffeyton's place is worth about \$56,000 today, and rising.

"I thought I was buying a hotel room in a hotel," says Coffeyton, "a place where I could simply take a key in the lock and walk away when I wanted to. I would have absolute freedom and no physical responsibility for the upkeep."

It doesn't quite work out that way, as anyone who is contemplating condominium living should know. When the driveway cracks or the roof leaks, or the elevator quits or the garage doors won't close, you have to pay for it. When the snow has to be cleared away or the garage collected, you help pay for that, too. You have more management overhead than they call for full room for condominiums, while they provide full service. The roads and sidewalks inside a condominium are private property and are off of the government's. They won't even put caps in to water can parked on the common element roads.

The condominium corporation has a management function that is headed in

most cases, by an outside company. When the corporation funds the building, it hires a management company — often its own corporation or a partner, who normally signs a lucrative five-year contract to look after it. Then he sells on the units. As soon as the building is renamed — usually when a majority of the units are sold — other legal requirements are met — the condominium becomes the charge of the owners of the apartment, in their case as collective majority shareholders in the condominium corporation. It is then that they discover that the developer has tied them to an expensive, long-term contract and that, in many cases, the management company is working for the developer, not for them.

The Coffeyton had hardly settled into their new home when they received a notice informing them that the condominium corporation of which they were now broad joint owners, was in debt for \$26,637, and that the management had been too dilate to bring to their attention before. The monthly assessment for looking after the building had been set too low priced, this low figure was one of the drawbacks of the plan. Now it was necessary for everyone to pay, at once, a special assessment of approximately \$70. Oh, yes, and by the way, the maintenance dues were new paid by \$14 a month.

One of the first things to clause in the monthly assessment of a \$25,000 annual charge for management of the building. It covers the expenses and expenses of a man who also looks after at least two other buildings. "I don't know what the hell he does," says Jim Blund, chairman of the homeowners' association, Coleman and his neighbours formed when they grew native last fall. "Every time you see something done, you have to call in somebody else." But the condominium can't set the management fees, nor can it back on the payment in or maintenance fees include a free apartment and telephone and 23 parking spaces, which somehow got attached to the free apartment and have been sold to owners with need for an extra space at \$300 to \$400 each.

The president of the management company is M. Keay who was the sales manager for the condominium. You might think that would make it easy to get things fixed when they go wrong, but it doesn't. The guardians are out of the building run out a year after the condominium passed into the control of its owners. Then the water went and that cost \$1,500, then the roof leaked, not

## PROS AND CONS



### APARTMENT HOUSE CONDOMINIUM



Item	Apartment	House	Condominium
Living room	Lowest	High	Medium
Bedroom	Medium	Lowest	Medium
Bathroom	Medium	Medium	Medium

Item	Apartment	House	Condominium
Investment return	None	Best buy	Good return
Security	Lowest	Highest	Medium
Assessments	Often good	Up to now	Often good

Item	Apartment	House	Condominium
Best buy	Lowest monthly cost	Best equity return	Good return per unit cost
Risk	No security, costs may run out, house depreciated	High initial cost	Very investment, home keeps the money of neighbours

Costs for condominium ownership, on the same scale of 1 to 100, have gone for houses an average purchase cost of right \$15,000 to a 25 year \$25,000 unit price. The same scale of 1 to 100, have gone for houses an average purchase cost of right \$15,000 to a 25 year \$25,000 unit price.

## WHEN IT RAINS, THEY ROW

once, but of course, and the builder helped deliver part of one of many repair bills. One comes, up on the 10th floor, had \$3,500 worth of broomstick damage and that had to be replaced. The garage door didn't work, and they still didn't get part of the bill. Every time it rains, part of the roof in the basement leaks into the basement. And it costs about \$10,000 a year to replace an inside-outside drywall, cables, TV, wiring,

"IF YOU SEE A BIT OF  
DIRT, YOU RUB IT OFF.  
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WOULD KICK THE THING"

your own place a pleasure to sleep in can almost be called unusual. Consider these two quotes from condemned inmates in Oklahoma: "It is an uncomfortable feeling to be getting a late order sent to them," "Sometime today I going to escape and the rest may be dissolved," and "While you are waiting for the sentence, if you are a little bit of dirt you can't off. In a rented place, you would kick the thing."

So there is a place for the condominium, but it is a limited one and the downside to the current emphasis on this form of dwelling is that it diverts too much energy and too many resources to a solution that applies to only a fraction of the people. Most Canadians, as McLaughlin noted, still want to own their own houses, most believe that it is possible to bring home ownership within reach — for example, by alleviating speculation and profiteering in land.

The condominium was supposed to bring down housing prices, instead condominium prices have joined the upward spiral, and soon they too will be out of the reach of most Canadians. When Gard Colleen bought his place in 1971, anyone with an annual income of \$30,000 could qualify for the mortgage, at today's market value of \$60,000, you would need an income of about \$11,000 to obtain financing.

There are other problems, too, problems common to every form of high-stakes gambling. Vancouver lawyer and economist Peter Thymian told the *Vancouver Sun*, "Casinos have yet to see what the social costs will be as a generation of

children raised in concrete cages or postage-stamp sized yards."

from the sharp knives of developers, and several provinces are now in the process of revamping their legislation to close obvious loopholes. It is even possible to

black developers, who take over existing apartment buildings and throw the tenants out. In Montreal, the classic Royal York apartments were recently purchased by a group that wants to tear the building down and replace it with a high-rise tower. Part of the Montreal Gazette's investigation about the issue of leases forced one set of developers to sue each other, and developer Tom Lake told us, "The economics of a property is not what it's there now, but what's going on." Montreal's lackluster municipal administration doesn't seem to care about such problems; other cities do. In Vancouver, municipal council prohibited a planned conversion without the consent of tenants, so the developers are now working around the law by selling, not the apartment, but a 99-year lease on it, and advertising tenants to buy or get out. The lawmakers are still working on that one. Toronto had better luck in Brampton, where the only major conversion attempt to date was nopped dead by a proviso that the previous residents and tenants be given the right to renew their leases. A number of them did, and the developer couldn't sell enough units to make the project worthwhile.

Lucky folks can be blessed. Lenky lowe can be blessed. What is more distressing, is the way the condominium concept seems to have used the energies and tapped the imagination of our policy makers. In the past 12 months, beyond a few peremptory budgetary judgements, is there the lack of budgeting materials, a misfortune for an annual \$1,000 savings toward the down payment for first-time buyers? Improved funding to help lower income families (with their mortgages), there has been no attempt to

power to grapple with Canada's housing crisis. There has been, instead, the freezing of condominiums, and even that is slipping out of reach with inflation. The underlying cost inflation, including land speculation and high end user charges for services, labor and mortgage rates, are not touched by the proliferation of

I heard the same terrible joke in Vancouver, Calgary and Winnipeg. Guy comes home, shows his list on the table, and his wife, "Good news, dear, I bought us a condominium today!" She replies, "That's nice dear, but I think I'll stay on the pill." Which is to say that the condominium is an item often misunderstood and fraudulently manipulated.

## **STREET FIGHT AT TREFANN COURT**

## How federal bureaucrats shot down the hopes of an old neighborhood BY GRAHAM FRASER



Two years ago, when the idea that neighborhoods could control their own fates was becoming more and more widely promoted and even being tested, Trilista Condo was a symbol as a threat for urban working-class areas across Canada.

It was a symbol of resistance, home owners and tenants in a downtown Toronto neighborhood had organized, with the help of community workers, and had mocked the original plan to bulldoze their homes. It was also a symbol of urban movements, and could had the same effect.

ten participated, but only two of the students stopped something, they had managed to have an effective say in the replacement of their ants. After two years of meetings, they had succeeded, with the help of a city planner, in producing a plan that removed as many of the original houses as possible and, where some were necessary, made sure that they had more than one, and could be replaced by larger, more modern houses.

able to people from the area. From 1959 to 1972, while all the gang are, Tocquevill Court represents dream much bigger than itself, people in all working-class neighborhoods could and would have some power over the way their names and their lives. Instead of accepting the very demands of anonymous officials, they would be able to work with officials of no account to ensure that

as an government as quasi and  
real housing actually out people  
needs. In short, that urban  
would come to those more than a

Now, three years later the dead Adcox nothing that the Trial Court plan called for has been carried out. When Justice now becomes his

West Bank has nothing but trees. His blood empty for months. The young constable — residents, area residents, city politicians and officers no longer exists. The results of Tom

Court now feel angry and betrayed, or gloomily resigned to hanging on to the little that's left. The population of the area, about 1,300 before urban renewal was announced, dropped in one point to 1,000. It has since risen a bit in spite of the old houses having been sold privately at prices nobody in the area could afford, renovated, and now are occupied by the elite and wealthy.

I say that with some bitterness, because two years ago I wrote a book entitled *Fighting Back* about the planning process in Trenton, Ont., and I believed in that dream. I confided that it would be exceptionally difficult, but nevertheless crucial, for neighborhoods in cities across Canada to realize the dream come true. And, to the extent that I

Graham Fraser covers municipal politics for the *Global and Mail*.

# OTTAWA APPROVED THE PLAN, THEN AFTER STALLING FINALLY KILLED IT ALTOGETHER

Cost, I feel obliged to try to sort out what went wrong and why the dream died.

Trefnia Court has been, almost by accident, the focus of city planners thinking about slums and working-class neighborhoods in Toronto for almost 30 years. About a mile east of City Hall, it's a five-block strip of houses, small stores, houses, cottages, small apartment buildings, small shops — everything you see, this consolidated, architecturally, expensively renovated Victorian town houses. The city named it Trefnia Court after one of the small streets where the worst housing was to be found. The Trefnia Court Urban Renewal Scheme of 1966 formally scheduled the destruction of the area, and that was the point at which people in the area organized and fought back. From that fight came an unprecedented opportunity for people to participate in urban planning — and the creation of a myth.

Ironically enough, one of the greatest public moments of the Trefnia Court Myth came from the federal government — the body which, in my view, has been largely responsible for the failure of the Trefnia plan.

On June 29, 1972, Ron Bradford, then the Minister of State for Urban Affairs, came to Trefnia Court for the signing of the agreement for the final phase of the plan which had been approved by the Trefnia working committee, the city of Toronto, and the federal government. (The history of federal funding could be seen even then.)

"This scheme is a cankerous one," said Bradford then. "100 residents and a cluster of slums... because... we and the model of this kind of development to put into federal proposals that require it as a pre-requisite to any renewal or rehabilitation, that the owners and residents be involved in developing the plan for the neighborhood."

"We've changed from an emphasis on tearing down a neighborhood and sealing in the buildings and pushing the people out of the way — changed to going back into those neighborhoods and trying to preserve those neighborhoods for the quality that they give our cities, and trying to put emphasis on repairing and rehabilitating the homes and the buildings of the neighborhood."

Two and a half years later Bradford's statement reads like a joke.

Why did things go sour?

The essence of the problem was that the plan, in proposing an alternative to

simply destroying an area and reboiling demanded an implementation process more flexible and responsive than the earlier planning had been. Instead, it was hampered by delays, evasions, re-voiced position, contradictory priorities and outright betrayal — all characteristics of the way Ottawa dealt with the Trefnia Court.

The fight could not have happened at a worse time. Between 1972 and 1974, there were four provincial elections in Ontario. In 1971, the Ontario government, which was extremely new, this consolidated, architecturally, expensively renovated Victorian town houses. The city named it Trefnia Court after one of the small streets where the worst housing was to be found. The Trefnia Court Urban Renewal Scheme of 1966 formally scheduled the destruction of the area, and that was the point at which people in the area organized and fought back. From that fight came an unprecedented opportunity for people to participate in urban planning — and the creation of a myth.

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These two fundamental assumptions suffered more than anything else from the grinding wheel of bureaucracy.

Three separate rehabilitation grants for Trefnia were submitted. All were rejected by the federal government. Finally, people in the area found out they would be restricted to the new federal legislation Ontario's newly developed could help such people a lot program. What the people needed was an outright grant program. People in Trefnia do not need more debt.

On the question of home ownership the bureaucrats struggled. It seemed

charter. Home ownership had always been an essential part of the plan. The people had seen enough examples of families in urban renewal areas being evicted and not receiving enough to buy a replacement home. Residents were determined that homeowners who had had their houses acquired by the scheme finally would be able to get "a home for a home."

Then, in February 1974, despite agreements made with CMHC, the federal body that handles housing, the committee learned that the 17 new houses they were marrying off would not be sold to the people they had had concerned for CMHC had fears about the Trefnia Court people would simply sell out to the highest bidder. Instead, the houses could be rented.

The fight over that has taken a year. The 17 houses have stood vacant since late June as residents, city officials and politicians have met, unsuccessfully, with cabinet ministers and the president of CMHC. Residents insisted on fair rent and equity for residents, and federal officials were determined to have safeguards to prevent speculation. It appears now that a complicated formula acceptable to both sides has been worked out, but it is typical that despite two years of planning endorsed by the other levels of government, the search for agreement took place while the houses were standing vacant.

The 1966 urban renewal scheme had been a classic of neighborhood destruction. In the houses were to be redeveloped and leveled, part of the area was to be developed as a public housing, part was to become an indoor park.

With the help of four community organizers, including a young lawyer named John Sewell, the Trefnia people managed over the next few years to fight the plan to a standstill, get it formally withdrawn and make it clear they were not going to give in until they were guaranteed an opportunity to participate in the planning of their neighborhood. They had used every community organizing method: door-to-door canvassing, meetings, newsletters, delegations to City Hall, picketing politicians' houses.

But the four years had taken their toll. Like a lengthy strike a long-drawn-out neighborhood battle created tension, bitterness, resentment. For two years, the Trefnia Court Residents Association was active, in 1968, a group of tenants broke with the association, and the bitterness increased. The group of tenants, small businesses and landlords that formed the breakaway association wanted what renewal — to get

the agency over with. The homeowners, the backbone of the residents association, were determined to fight to the end. It was a classic split in many ways, and the municipal politicians would see the two warring groups to argue that citizen participation could never work.

But a 1969 change in the makeup of city council, the election of community worker John Sewell as an alderman for the area, and an agreement between the two groups on the stage for what was supposed to be the great experiment. Reform was in the air, and Trefnia seemed to be a chance to set it. Citizen participation could work. After several meetings to sort out the terms of reform — meetings that were tense, dramatic but very encouraging — the Trefnia Court Working Committee was established in the spring of 1970.

I had followed the Trefnia Court story since 1968, when I started working on my peaked for the Toronto Star. When they managed not only an fight off the urban renewal scheme but won the working committee that would help repopulate the area, the people in Trefnia seemed to me to have opened the door to the kind of planning that community groups across the city — and across Canada — were just beginning to talk about.

Then, and in the years I watched the working committee as I worked on my book, I felt that this was the most exciting and important political event in Canada.

The most impressive of all the people in Trefnia — the person who more than any other was responsible for keeping up the fight — was Edna Dunn, the first secretary of the Trefnia Court Residents Association and editor of the newsletter later, she was one of the key members of the working committee president of the residents association and a member of the board of the non-governmental corporation that built the 17 houses in the area. Her experience was so typical that just the story of Trefnia Court in 1972 she was elected to the Toronto planning board.

Edna Dunn is a thin, grey-haired woman of about 50 with a wide, expressive mouth, large, shiny back teeth and the habit of biting down like marks on Prince Edward Island. She speaks very little, expresses flicker across her face like northern lights. When she does speak, her words come out firmly and abruptly, with a sarcasm at its best. She says very little, but manages to say almost everything in a single sentence, there's almost nothing to add.

Although her role was probably the most crucial, she never worked alone



In 1972, the tenants and homeowners of Trefnia Court were still optimistic and held regular meetings to work out a master plan for the future of their depressed area.

they should really have.

It is never formally resolved whether the meetings would be formal or informal, it hardly matters, because either way it is the same people who come and will continue to come out to meetings, as they have for now years now. There was a mood of ardor and determination at the meetings, but somehow, incredibly, there was still a grain of determination among that small group of people to see it through, they have fought on long and on hard to get us now. They are sadder, but a lot wiser.

For Toronto planners and politicians the experience was useful. They learned among other things how to work with neighborhoods and how little they can trust the federal government or federal programs.

As far as the federal government is concerned, it is difficult to see what any one has learned. The federal policies that are supposedly designed for the Trudeau experience are monuments to mid-life. The Neighborhood Improvement Program which helped finance Trefnia required grants at least eight approvals at two levels of government before any meaningful program can proceed.

And for the people living in the area the people who never stopped to serve. For them who have been involved in the fight one can only say that they have given them a free education in public affairs. However some things have happened. Seven houses have been built fit into the neighborhood. More housing will eventually be built. A neighborhood that was going to be destroyed has not been.

That's something. But when you look at what might have happened, it's not much. Certainly not enough to build a dream on. ☐

# THERE ARE SOME ORIENTAL GENTLEMEN HERE TO SEE US

They wish to make a small barter: their money for our resources

BY PAUL GRESCOE

**T**he women in identical blue skirts and jackets sit at computer control panels in the Osaka headquarters of C. Ichii, a colonial Japanese trading company, running terms of minister through the pale yellow computers. Their task is to determine which country has the world's best investment climate and the lowest, currently, in Canada.

For C. Ichii had other Japanese multinational goals that meant we have the resources they need on an easily accessible market and comparatively pliable policies (no Wheatley, no military camps — just Dave Barrett).

Last spring, after the world energy crisis forced the Canadian government to avert a Japanese C. Ichii hurriedly launched a Canada Project Task Force, a coordinating group of 23 full-time specialists and 12 consultants who analyze investment possibilities in this country. They're quickly identified the chance potential projects the Alberta oil sands project (as the company hopes to invest with Sun Oil) and Quebec's gargantuan James Bay hydro scheme (where they're one of four Japanese trading companies expecting to invest their share of the material and financial bonanza that will follow the power development). C. Ichii is now the major shareholder in two British Columbia steelworks and a minority partner in three Quebec companies (a steel mill, a textile dyeing plant and Rubis Breton Clothiers) a Vancouver manufacturer.

What's particularly interesting about all this is that C. Ichii is only the fourth largest Japanese trader — and its three senior competitors (Mitsubishi, Mitsui and Marubeni) are just as deeply interested in maximizing their money in Canada's resources. They and at least half a dozen other Japanese traders with offices in major Canadian cities represent an important new foreign-investment force that could easily by usurping the nature of American capital in Canada.

For the moment, the Japanese offer us a beguiling alternative. They, unlike the Americans, bring with them money but no

their muscle, even if the Japanese get involved in Alberta oil with a vice-grip, it's hard to imagine they'd try to turn Calgary into a Tokyo West.

Yet other firm remains. In British Columbia, where so far in the heady days of the Japanese financial invasion, politicians are understandably anxious. The NDP's Dave Barrett, once said Japan's policy is "to do economically what it couldn't do during the war" — and that is to control the resources of the world to serve Japanese needs. But he was opposition leader then, now, as B.C.'s government has blocked one Japanese company, Mitsubishi, from buying Vancouver's Pacific Pipelines, a natural-gas pipeline.

Estimates of the total Japanese investment in Canada has risen from \$340 million to more than \$580 million. Administratively, half a billion dollars sounds small, like grain of rice in a wheat field, compared with other non-American investment from West German firms that own \$340 million worth of Canadian property. But Japanese money has been here for less than 30 years (the first sizable Japanese investment was in Bethlehem Copper in 1962). Since 1969 the flow has tripled and it shows little sign of diminishing.

Not far from the only source of Asian investment of \$142 million in foreign funds fed into Vancouver real estate last year, steady 20% year from Southeast Asia (Singapore, Taiwan, the Philip pens), came of it financed through the newly formed labyrinth of Hong Kong — which makes this the mecca of the club as a head to come by in flow and higher telephone number. This influx is beginning to be felt outside B.C. C. Ichii, Kinosaki, a Calgary real estate and Far Eastern clientele, says that Toronto (where he has an office) already gets 15% of the Asian share of Canadian real estate, which totals at least \$100 million a year.

Most of the directly Japanese capital is tied up in our natural resources, some of it also finance a surprising variety of businesses. Among them are a tycoon's year maker, Cetex Knitting

Inc., in Coquitlam, New Brunswick,

a zipper manufacturer, YKK Zipper Co. (Canada) Ltd., in Montreal, the new \$30-million Price Hotel in Toronto, a prefab house builder, Miwa Homes Co. Ltd., in Orillia, Manitoba, a pump assembly factory, Daisaku Manufacturing Canada Ltd., in Regina, an cable and rapier oil-clip plant, United Islands Products Ltd., in Enderby, Alta., and a fishing and sports equipment dealer, Dunes (Canada) Ltd., in Vancouver.

The Japanese also have equity in five Canadian venture-capital firms, and three Japanese banks — Fuji, Mitsui and the Bank of Tokyo — have liaison offices here which are keeping eyes and ears for three countries (Fuji invested in Transair Ltd. in 1973).

But the majority of the Japanese corporations involved in Canada are subsidiaries of the trading companies, says Shiroki, which have no convenient equivalent in North America. If anything, they're a cross between import-export houses and multinational conglomerates. (They are distinct from the better-known multinationals, household names such as Sony and Honda, high-independent companies which are not at all representative of the Japanese business style.) The trading companies act as middlemen, representing Japanese industrial companies in foreign markets.

Jon Wilfley is president of Lantak Foods Industries, Canada's largest cattle feeders and Lantak Packers, which is 25% owned by the largest of the Japanese traders, Mitsubishi. Wilfley told me that through Mitsubishi he can get ready cattle market reports from around the world more rapidly because it has so many more reliable business contacts.

Wilfley went on with the Japanese because he considered their country one of the few unregulated markets for beef exports. They were not interested in a majority position, he said. "They're very conscious of politics. And aware that in

## It's a popular myth that the Japanese don't seek control of the Canadian companies in which they invest

Canada we're very paranoid right now."

Particularly because of the Foreign Investment Review Act, the traders have begun making noises about controlling or more equity joint ventures with Canadian companies.

This certainly hasn't been the case up till now. An inclusive report published in 1972 by Japan-based 55 separate Japanese companies operating in Canada in well over half of them, the Japanese had controlling interest. In more than a third, they were outright owners. The figures clearly belie the common belief that the Japanese insist on owning 100% of any joint venture in joint ventures.

I found those figures important to remember when listening to a diatribe of Japanese investment. Keith Hay is an economics professor at Carleton University and a consultant to the Canadian-Japan Trade Council, an Ottawa-based lobby of businesses dedicated to encouraging commerce between the two countries. A disengaged Englishman who resides here and in the U.S., around 1970 he was a spokesman for the Japanese in Canada, and one of my friends. He suggested that by dealing with the Japanese, we have an obligation on the U.S.

We lessen our dependence on the U.S., but what about Japan? At present there's no way the Japanese government can exert control over Canada. But that could change if we let the Japanese control their pattern of controlling the companies they help finance in Canada. Happily, there are encouraging grounds that both sides are realizing that while we're important to one another (after the U.S., Japan is our dominant trading partner) Canada has been dealt the stronger hand. So far though she has played it like a faulting amateur.

Right now less than 3% of our exports to Japan are manufactured products in other words, running the raw material and finished goods through the three as it is. Last spring, while discussing the possibility of joint ventures with the Japanese, Ontario's Industry Minister Claude Barrette said, "Our real concern is that man and machine can be brought to a semi-finished state before being patented." And recently the privately operated BC Ferries Corporation informed the Japanese that it was not interested in their investment in the petrochemical industry unless the processing was done in the province.

In 1972 the BC government proposed to Ottawa after another trading company, Marubeni, bought a 49% interest in Cetex Packing, a fibro-processing company in the province. Cetex also

achieved 100% foreign beef imports — and federal officials don't want foreigners taking over our conventional fishing fleets by buying the companies that hold the boat licenses. Jack Davis, who is an environmental minister, and he would propose that boat licenses be withheld from the companies with more than 25% foreign equity. But the Fisheries Act was never amended.

All the Japanese businesses I met have expressed their willingness to follow any reasonable foreign-control guidelines. Canada demands that there will probably never be a better time to rewrite the ground rules for Japanese participation in our economy. As Carlton's Professor Hay wrote last year in a study for the Canada-Japan Trade Council, "Economic realities are such that Japan is now more dependent than ever on assured supplies of commodities. Under these conditions, Canada can use the opportunity to bargain reasonably for higher levels of price protection, more market access and increased participation in joint ventures."

In late 1972, the Japanese government feedback its government from getting into Canadian real estate — because such an investment returns few direct benefits to Japan. But for extraction hasn't stopped Canadian oilmen from courting Japanese investors or the hope that the law will someday be altered.

Calgary realtor Gerald Knowlton brought 25 Japanese real estate developers to his city during Stampede Week last summer and wangled them with western hospitality. Roast beef, hamburgers, rodeos, cowboy music and marching bands — the whole shebang. He had them all come running for a commercial from Michael Webb, a Calgary lawyer who also happens to be the national vice-president of the Liberal Party. Webb told him his government's Foreign Investment Review Agency would not likely assess any real estate transaction valued at less than \$10 million. "Land generally is not such a sensitive commodity," he told them, "and I think that the climate for foreign investment in land in Canada will continue to be favorable for a long time."

If the Japanese have very little for out real estate, other sources are available. Their money comes through Hong Kong, which is the Switzerland of Asia — the cloistered banker for cash



Paul Gresco is a Vancouver writer and a contributing editor of Maclean's

## Vancouver mayor Art Phillips wants the government to reduce the inflow of Asian money to take the pressure off land prices

strangled out of such countries as Thailand and the Philippines, countries with weak currencies and strong currency-control regulations. The money started gushing into Canada after three years of Canadian rates stood above Hong Kong in 1967, narrow Asian investors decided to shift some of their capital to our cooler political climate a few years ago.

Vancouver is the target of this Asian real estate offensive. Of all such foreign investment in the city in 1973, only 75 originated in the U.S., 125 in the United Kingdom and 167 in Germany. Sixty-eight percent arrived from Hong Kong.

What's worrisome about this investment is not so much the additional competition it imposes on Canadians. With more buyers bidding against one another in the real estate market, prices naturally rise. A management consultant's report for the Greater Vancouver Real Estate Board last year defended foreign investment, but was forced to admit that their competition, coupled with their willingness to accept a lower return on their investment, has actually helped to bump up the prices of the city's office and apartment buildings. When the

prices rose, so do the rents — and the study said there was evidence that some foreign investors have raised rents after buying property.

The management consultants confessed too that "to the extent that foreign investors buy developable land or undeveloped property and then hold it instead of building, they may create a scarcity of sites for development." They acknowledged this might be called "hoarding" in Vancouver.

City alderman Jack Volrath says most Hong Kong money in Vancouver is simply speculate. Certainly one recent real estate transaction confirms this view. Ark Developments, a company owned by Hong Kong financiers, began buying four parcels of prime downtown land in 1967. This last year doubled its money by selling them in a one-million-dollar package.

Last June at the National Housing Conference in Toronto, Vancouver Mayor Art Phillips sounded the city's alarm against the uncontrolled foreign invasion. "In Vancouver we are receiving a tremendous amount of money from places like Hong Kong. The money is going into land and is willing to accept a

very low current return. The influx of money from other parts of the world is adding tremendously to the upward trend in land prices in our area. The time has come for governments to take steps to reduce this influx of foreign capital into land to take some pressure off land prices."

In fact the federal government has a tool to regulate foreign capital in both real estate and our natural resources: the Foreign Investment Review Act. The trouble with the act is that it's so freely worded, it's really no deterrent to anyone buying Canadian real estate.

It was only after the act was passed that the government published guidelines about what real estate falls within its frame of reference, though they aren't legally binding, the guidelines reflect the government's thinking, which is that the act should apply only to a real estate purchase exceeding \$10 million. Even in an inflated economy \$10 million buys a big building, or a great deal of land.

The act's regulations on foreign investors of Canadian companies are also disturbingly vague, requiring only that the proposed investment should be of "significant benefit to Canada" and will be judged "in terms of its overall contribution with reference to the social and economic policies of the country." The judge is the Foreign Investment Review Agency which last May, with no fine distinction, maintained a pencils-down precedent for what constitutes a take-over of significant benefit to Canada, when one American grain company wanted to sell most of its Canadian subsidiary to another American company, the agency approved the \$25-million deal with no official explanation.

It will be interesting to see if the act is amended to accommodate Prime Minister Trudeau's election promise to demand Canadian ownership of at least 50%, probably 60%, of major new resource projects.

A gather and more pointedly worded act would clearly aim itself at Asian investors (along with the American and European and even confused Canadian businesspeople) and allow us to welcome unambiguously the right kind of Asian capital — capital that's willing to let us be at least equal partners in business ventures in our own country.

Just as the mayors would understand why we're doing it. After all, the government has a tough foreign investment policy that rigidly limits the amount of outside equity to the Japanese economy — especially to insurance companies. □

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# CABBIE, FOLLOW THAT CAMEL!

Should we hitch our wagon to a scimitar?

**N**ews that the Arabs are pouring billions of petrodollars into the Canadian economy and are coming around to my house, R. J. Fazio and Son, the Bay Street firm of Fazios, Lee and Son, the way I see it, is whenever the Arab money goes, it will spring up like mushrooms and start to eat the world. As soon as I heard my son, Fazio, leap from his Naschelle speech mashed to the door, I dashed it and whistled on me with even finger to his lips.

"For God's sake," he exploded me, "keep your voice down. Do you want everybody to know?"

"I thought everybody already knew," I was reading in the *Wall Street Journal* only the other day that the 13 OPEC nations have \$60 billion in short change looking for a home. It's not the kind of thing you can keep quiet. I mean you make \$10 on the lottery, talk into a local bar and buy a round for the boys, and that's the word. But you buy the bar, the building around the bar, and the country around the building, and news is bound to sift out."

Fazio waved me impatiently to a instant. "Everybody knows the Arabs have money," he conceded, "and everybody knows they are looking for places to invest it. But very few people," and here he had one finger besides his nose and gave a huge wink, "know where it's going."

"You know, Fazio?" I continued taking him more or less at his word and sat on the green floor. "You can tell a pal."

Fazio biffed his muis on his old Hardy Amies tie and gazed out the window. "I'm not saying I know and I'm not saying I don't know," he said evenly. "But did you notice that guy with the beard going out as you came in?"

"You mean the one with the camel double-parked outside? What about him?"

Fazio brunched forward and dropped his voice to a confidential whisper. "This about him. He's an Arab. A sheikh. Sheikh Fazia Abdal Mohammed Goldsmith, and he came to see me about an investment portfolio."

"Goldsmith?" That sounds like a funny name for an Arab."

"Yes, I thought so, too. But he explained to me how, because of the difficulty of his mission, he has to travel under an alias. His real name is Salley

Schwarz. But never mind his name, the point is that he is an Arab looking for investment opportunities and he came 10 hours early for advice."

"And who did you tell him?"

"Well," said Fazio, "I put him into the *Big Picture*. I told him what we on the inside know about the current investment pattern."

"And what do we know?" I asked him, my voice like that of a man who had Fazio's advice put most of his wife's savings and his son's pension plan into Alberta Asparagus."

"We know that the OPEC states have all this extra cash and they can't spend it at home — nothing to buy. So you can see them out hunting the bushes for safe investments. They like bonds. So they are putting a lot of money into bonds. They like banks and a lot of the bank loans floating around Europe these days turn their faces to Mecca at random. They are hunting money to the place

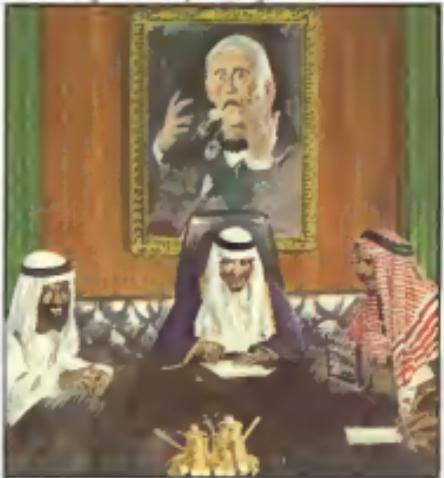
where Quebec and BC are already into their pockets, and Ontario is lining up a loan. They're buying a lot of gas and planes and things — for practical purposes, of course."

"But where did you tell him?"

"I told him the *Big Picture*. He told me, "We are going to need that." I have this one little company in mind. It's called Invention Overkill Syndicate. I just got a pamphlet in the mail the other day, but before I could tell him about it, the shiek started to tell me where he wanted the money to go."

"Well where?" I shouted, in a fever of impatience. "Don't you realize what this means, Fazio? Whatever the Arabs invest is bound to become the centre of the market. You over me for that hot hat on Prudential. Tell me where to buy!"

"So he told me. I wish I could tell you because it's terrific, but the time is not set right. — WALTER SCHAFFER



# TAKING CARE OF ASIAN BUSINESS



It all happened because Albert D. Cohen was on a world tour and the business on his expensive radio ran down after two hours. So when Cohen was staying in a Tokyo hotel, read about a small Japanese company's new transistor radio he was ripe to try out. When it survived three days of nonstop playing in hotel room, he arranged to test-market 50 of the radios in Canada.

That was in 1959. The Japanese company was Taito, Tadashi Kugayi later to become known as the world's music industry and last year Cohen's General Distributors of Canada Ltd sold about \$35 million worth of Sony products.

Cohen, the 41-year-old entrepreneur, anywhere to import Japanese radios from Japan, was successful in the test market experiment that Sony was persuaded to do directly with him. Instead of working through the Japanese trading companies that usually handle most of the country's foreign sales, Sony's success in Canada encouraged the company to do the competition-crushing trade and market its own wares.

Cohen is one of six Winnipeg business brothers now scattered across the country looking after the fortunes of General Distributors and its subsidiaries, which in 1974 grossed more than \$165 million. The Sony connection generated profits that made possible the acquisition of Metropolitan Stores of Canada Limited, Stein Stores Limited, a Winnipeg-based chain in Western Canada, and three other companies. (A nice twist: it was money earned from Japanese products that enabled the Cohen to retain Metropolitan Stores to Canadian hands for 40 years of American ownership.)

Albert and his brother Ben still live in Winnipeg, but Albert travels the world. On one trip, he and his son, Philip, should become heroes for an Israeli best-seller novel. The two men corresponded about Philip's death. Cohen also has a son, of the same name, Philip, born in 1967. "To Albert D. Cohen, man of action," And on his desk he has that original transistor radio, yes, nearly 20 years later, it's still working. ☐

Vancouver business owner Sherman Dong is quick to deny that Hong Kong investors come to Canada purely for speculative gain. But there is no secret for these wealthy Hong Kong families: he's not exactly surprised.

At 42, Dong looks elegant in his pastel-colored blazer and monogrammed shirt cuffs so far from the colossus 21-year-old who came to Vancouver from Hong Kong and opened the Yen Look, which he sold recently after building it into one of the city's better Chinese restaurants. He had to sell, he was just busy being president of Sherman Investments, a property-management firm and managing director of three development firms controlled by those Chinese families.

Though Dong's are apparently imported in his West Vancouver Sea Palace, Dong claims to crave privacy. He works out of a small studio office in the Georgia, a five-story hotel he found at a bargain of \$753,000 from an Israeli owner a year after they had purchased another upscale hotel, the Georgia Town. His principals, who include a doctor and an international financier named K. Hay, also own other strategic sites of Vancouver, nearly \$80 million of property beyond the Georgia on Robson Street, the heart of the financial district, the corner of Robson and Hornby near the site of a provincial government complex already under construction, and a large parking lot tucked across the street from the Hotel Vancouver.

Dong counts his Hong Kong compatriots as people who just happen to love Canada and eventually want to live here, come home, he says, though others "They're interested only in long-term investments," he states. "Not a speculator among them." Well, okay, between 1967 and 1972 they had bought up more than \$40,000 worth of prime downtown land for \$4.5 million and last year, in one of the city's biggest property deals, sold it for over \$10 million dollars. But Dong says he regards the sale and appraisal as only because the city's building climate had turned sour. ☐

The house perches high in the British Columbia hills, the environs of West Vancouver, the estate of West Vancouver. A white bower with matching white Lincoln Continental in the driveway (not living), a contrapuntal plain-colored Cadillac for her. Inside seven bedrooms, one a white-walled master bedroom with an emperor-sized bed and a walk-in closet wide enough to park a Volkswagen. From the bedroom balcony, a velopanoramic view \$20,000 worth of shingle-style in a bushy backyard, one tier for a tennis court, and the other for a tennis court... and beyond that, because the Proprietor avers, the slopes of the North Shore Mountains, down to the skyscrapers of Vancouver and then the Pacific Ocean across the coast. Bob Lee might wear in the real estate or a prime location.

But Bob Lee isn't selling. He has earned this house — and at 41 his reputation as one of the most successful realtors in the country — he has earned all that by capitalizing on the emergence of Southern Asians to buy property here in Canada.

Canadian-born but the son of a Chinese import, Lee began to understand the scope of the market 10 years ago when he sold a \$12-million Vancouver apartment building to a Southeast Asian business man for whom he has since handled \$30-million worth of Canadian deals. In 1973 as vice-president of Wall and Belchek Corporation, Lee sold land and buildings for \$34 million and half of that was to Southeast Asians. He doesn't limit himself to Vancouver: two of his sales were in Edmonton, on the CPR line the Canadian Rockies.

Lee and his Asian clients have so much money "so serious like you guys it's" to finance to stay close to most of their capital in Alberta where he believes the investment climate is much friendlier. The reasoning is clear enough: British Columbia's pasture, Dave Barratt has announced that he intends to introduce legislation aimed at drying up the flow of any Hong Kong cash speculating in BC real estate. ☐

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# LAND OF THE CLOCKWORK SUN

Applied Zen and other patens pending on tradition in Japan  
BY TOM WAKAYAMA

*Photographer Tom Wakayama is a first-generation Canadian — or rather, the Canadian half of a generation divided between two worlds. He was born in Chisholm, Ontario, brother to a twin girl who had never left Japan. When these days in British Columbia, yet home has also remained. Recently he pursued that search for the self-knowledge that is partly rooted in another country. Recently he pursued that search for the first time in the land of his ancestors.*

From these shores my mother and father sailed more than 30 years ago to a new life in Canada. Now their second-generation variant, in quest of the Holy Made-in-Japan Grail, was crossing the same ocean in a jet, smugly prattling a language he hadn't spoken for more than 20 years on the way to the land of the living, but ever smiling. Bilingualized New Arizonans. In the mind of one who had been forged at the great North American melting pot, could the curious thought, how would it feel to be in a land where everyone looks more or less like myself?

I landed at the inauspicious three-ring circus of Haneda airport. I telephoned my contacts for help and was picked up by the station wagon of the Nishibogisetsu clan, dressed in fury white jeans and bright red overalls. We stepped into their Mitsubishi sedan smoothly through the fiftysquare-meter streets of Tokyo. I was the only foreigner in the house. My 10-year-old brother was to be my host for the next 30 months. My first sight on entering the spacious house of good people and beautiful kids was a 13-inch Sony TV in which little Wayne would be beamed. Marlene O'Hara in perfectly correct Japanese. That same night due to an ergonomic confusion over such matters as on and off, I passed three hours trying to pull the plug from the bulb of their negligibly round television tube of exhilaratingly hot water which, unknown to me, was meant to enervate the entire family.

Soon after I left on my pilgrimage, due to the northern half of the island, due to the coniferous, unripe island of Kyushu. I set out to find the exotic landscape of the land of the rising sun, but found more of it buried under a heavy entanglement of smog, empty Coke and soft cans and Peace and Hope cigarette butts. Exhausted from hopping on many trains and feeling somewhat isolated from wandering alone in a country where everyone tries to grapple. I returned to Tokyo and immediately fell ill again.

But I recovered. A Taiwanese tempererper adolescent child and wise old woman, arrogant mandarin scholar and effortless maniac, a practitioner of the martial arts, who could crush a Pope's nose with her bare hand, and split a banana in four equal parts with her naked incisor. The rest of my stay in Japan was a rich confusion of loving, loss and learning to play the photo-shoots, a ten-year timeline that, while the Japanese had referred to the level of transnational experience. Both were a source of such endless intoxication and despair.

The time to return home drew later. In the outer harbor of smoggestime Tokyo the cool vision of Canada's open spaces beckoned. In search of relief, I went down to Shimbashi to find an no-condensate coffee house, where I was drawn to a bulletin speaking forth a defining metallic clatter. I imagined, I envied and there it was — the Holy Made-in-Japan Grail.

A multitude of men and women were riveted before wall or will of blinking, clanging



machines while their squat thumbs shot forth millions of shiny steel balls into electronic labyrinths of little holes and pathways. Some balls would tumble into the print slot but more often they would drop ingloriously into the bottom hole to be swallowed forever. This was pachinko, the national obsession.

Stringing out a 100-yen coin, bought 50 balls and with a swing of the shooting lever and forth my first ball on its fated journey through the maze. Carried away by initial success and





the greedy vision of balls in spreading destruction. I eventually lost all my warthogs

I stepped 50 more balls into the trough and went into a deep trance which was broken several hours later by an attendant tapping on my shoulder. He quickly slipped an oil or cotton sign on the conquered machine and I collected my loss, three gross plastic boxes bursting with lovely steel balls. I marched up to the cashier's desk and traded the balls in for 20 packs of aspirin and then could have hot damn! took the train to Tokyo.



Dear Jill,

These are only 6 of Sydney's tourist attractions - There are lots more. And not only do they swim,



they talk too. Tearing ourselves from the scenery, we went to Canberra for a little "kulture". (In case you see mother) we saw a fabulous



"Richard II". That's not me singing its praises ... it's the Ethos statue outside the theater.

On to Hobart,



where we covered the waterfront, then drove to Port Arthur where they used to keep the convicts. No problem fitting into the local scene.



We escaped to Melbourne for the Moomba Festival.



It means "having fun" and research minded

it's no misnomer. We're now recuperating in Queensland on this train we took



through tropical rain forests and sugar plantations.

The Aussies are the friendliest people ever - we may never come home.

Love from Australia,  
Maggie & Sylvia



P.S. We found this coupon - thought you might like to send for info.



# PORTRAIT OF A SKATER AS A YOUNG ARTIST

Just what does Toller Cranston have to do to prove his genius?  
BY BARBARA SEARS

**T**he most creative skater of the century — the Normans of the skating world ladies and gentlemen, Toller Cranston.” The announcer’s superlatives grow, but the audience erupts into prolonged applause, which we agree, is the small figure in black skates to cause it. He pauses in mid-air, composure, waiting for the music.

The bitterronic laughter of Canoe Leiserson’s downy robes seizes the arena and for a moment you feel that there has been a dreadful mistake, but some bewhiskered official has put on the strong voiced *Papillons*, or jabs and grinds and set music and skating to the test. From the first, when Cranston mounts the lip of the performance series like an invincible to disaster, The Knickerbocker audience accustomed to a chat at high intellectual merriment, or at best Tchaikovsky responds to it in a strange way. When Cranston jumps and spins, their applause is muted, as though they can not quite break the slow business habit of recognizing a good trick just at the same time they know that it is wrong to interrupt. But as he glides into a fleet apostrophe pose, some have tears in their eyes. There is no moment of silence, followed by applause that is very loud and very long. The audience rises, thunders round to the set, shows brave faces, holds for encore. It is the kind of reception that Naoum and Baryshnikov deserve. Toller Cranston gathers up the roses and in a gesture of *Barbeyroum* shows slender attributes there among the lady skating paupers.

In the past 10 years, Toller Cranston has revolutionized men’s figure skating. Until the late Sixties male skaters were all affected by the penguin syndrome, not allowing their bodies to move in any way that might actually express some feeling, holding their heads high, their heads erect. Cranston’s first attempt to prove this to be an expression of the manner of a dancer or an *ice* was described as “effeminate.” What psycho damage does it do to a boyish old boy figure skater in a land of *Hockey* players is impossible to gauge. There is no doubt

that Germany, where he had a vacation show in December and sold several of his canvases for as much as \$8,000, is now determined to spend five years becoming known outside Canada. What fun is it for me to inhabit in Winnipeg, Vancouver, Montreal, Toronto — who gives a damn? The Canada Council didn’t — it turned down his application for a grant.

The burden of two full-time careers would probably make anyone a lousy *Ice* Cranston, but I doubt it, as though the way things have always been. He has seen himself as an outcast from infancy. “It was born fun,” I think a world have been fun to be a pugnacious one. But I never knew how to do with children my own age when I was playing with them. “As a result, his quest for his time playing with his sister and her friends, who were three years older.

Cranston started figure skating when he was seven, an unusual choice of sport for a small boy growing up in the mining town of Kirkland Lake, the home of such hockey stars as Ralph Backstrom, Dick Duff and the Blager brothers. Figure skating was a natural outgrowth of Cranston’s isolation and his inability to understand team games. “I was always athletic. I could run faster than anyone else, but I was never able to understand what football was all about.”

Now it is named one, we are able to appreciate the restrictions that figure skaters placed on themselves, the rigid make-like discipline they imposed on their movements. Cranston plans to shatter more of these traditions in the 1975 World Championships being held this month in Colorado Springs. The five-month program he has put together consists of more from *you* one work — Prokofiev’s *Cossacks* — and has been edited together to form one continuous piece. There will be none of the “this is the fast section, this is the slow section, this is the medium section,” that has been the rule with skating music in the past.

Barbara Sears is a Toronto free-lance writer and film researcher.



He has deeply learned by the cranston but he dismisses the past now as having been well worth it.

At 25, Toller Cranston has been Canadian Figure Skating Champion for five years and has won the World’s first skating section of the World Championships. The first time in 1972 was something of a surprise, the beginning of what has become a remarkable international reputation. Last year, when he again won the first skating gold medal in Montréal, he was heralded by the German press as “the skater of the century.” Canadian press reacted to his performances as being doubly less effusive, when still sounds Cranston. “As a skater, I would never have been as successful as I am had I not made it outside this country first,” he says. “When I was the free skating in the World’s in California by a panel of international judges, Canadians took a different look at me. After Montréal, they took another look. All of a sudden, the freak became something more expressive, more profound, more pleasant to look at.”

Cranston sees a close parallel between his skating and his other career — painting, where he has not yet sold in mid-life. From Canadian critics, his unique realistic style has been much more successful in Europe, particularly in



# ALWAYS THE YOUNG STRANGER

Defense Minister James Richardson has no one to fight for him but himself  
BY MARCI McDONALD

On the break between winter training almost two years in the dry sand of West Texas, James Richardson, the 35-year-old Canadian minister of defence, James Richardson showed up at the oil company's highest forum that is usually deferred to the members of the Oval Room and they wouldn't let him in. Grasping a hand around the lobby, Major captains were coming and going with a flap of their faded photo identity cards. But James Richardson was stopped at the portugat with no card of recognition. The portugat on the door was impeded. "You got a pass?" he said.

"I mean, it was embarrassing," he said, remembering. "I had to say, 'Look let him through. This is the master.' But he'd only been there maybe once before. I told them, 'We've got to get him over here more often. We've got to get him known. We've got to get some pictures of him around here so they recognize him.'"

They sent some pictures of James Richardson over to several defense headquarters and now they recognize him. "Oh yeah, the master," says the private on the door now. "Born to compromise him. But he never comes home. He doesn't like us, that's all I know about him."

Indeed, in many ways that is all anybody seems to know about James Andrew Weston III, 35, son of Winnipeg, son of the West and the man the military regard as their scourge during the current defense budget crisis which has been around "the biggest debate since auditions." His face has a political air, one that could not exactly be called charismatic. Unique might be a better word. After all, who else could have been in the comfortable sanctuaries of Ottawa power for seven years now and still have the distinction of being one of the least known and most misunderstood men in cabinet, no cognos to the public and a curiosity to his colleagues, the Brand X of federal political life? Who else could have lasted so long and still remain the man they refer to as the Silent Minister?

In the backslapping, self-chomping

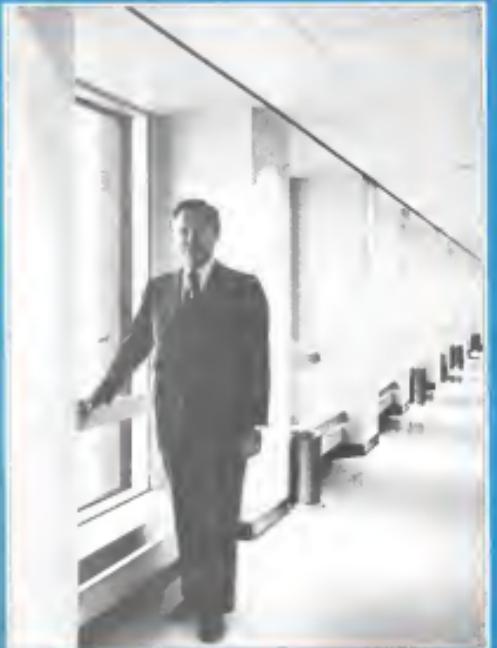
glory of the voice of the West at this particular moment was to see a man who was having a certain difficulty not merely a grining beast but even in getting anywhere near the Prime Minister's office.

He edged in closer behind Trudeau's elbow for the cameras but he seemed to be struggling to keep in the picture. He quacked his pace. He flushed his nose, dusting photographing tissue. But still try as he might, James Richardson could not exactly conceal that this had not been an easy 24 hours.

Only the night before he had heard the news that he was not scheduled to greet Trudeau at the airport and had worried that it would be "a real break in tradition" the first time in seven years. "It was not a break in the tradition, sirly, he knew. After all, it could confuse visitors that Trudeau was less pleased with him even since he left. It is clear that he would not run again in the last election unless the government restored its *Un Canadien au service du Québec* Trudeau is not the man of man to be blithely dismissed. Tightly. He gave it a come, bow out to the eye himself to announce the news and upstage Robert Stanfield's western coming. But they say he never quite forgave James Richardson, especially when he went on to deliver the Liberals a victory margin of 7,000 votes in the Winnipeg riding of St. Paul, three years before. They say he "should have done nothing to strengthen a rapport that had never been the same after Trudeau had learned of James Richardson's views on the French-English question. When Trudeau learned of his views on the French-English question he asked him if he wouldn't please keep them to himself."

Locally, the Winnipeg papers had taken to speculating that perhaps he was an outsider in any cabinet. He didn't know that something must be done. They made a few discreet phone calls. And now after 24 hours of backslapping

Marci McDonald is an associate editor and a senior writer for Maclean's



PHOTOGRAPH BY DALE MCKEE

He looked around and said, "What other corporate boards are there?" He was fascinated by the biggest board of them all

seem parity to get him lost on Trudeau's plane, then in his car at the airport, have he found himself jockeying for position in his TV shot trying not to look like a stranger on home ground.

Leisure time might have been dashed by the expense. But not James Richardson who believes in the redemptive power of politics, drinking, for eternal visitors of fine, courageous and inspirational men. On his office wall he'll keep a copy of *Kingsley's*: "You can keep your head when all of you are losing theirs."

Inside a chair in his Ottawa office he has fondly placed a sculpture of Jonathan Livingston Seagull and in his left breast pocket of a leather binding he carries a tiny curved aluminum deck dubbed J.J. after the philanthropic Seagull. In these awkward Ottawa usual pauses when colleagues catch James Richardson off in his pocket for loose change and in his head for words he is frequently just fishing for the resistance of a J.J. He reaches for them now. Four hours later after a dinner during which he has been placed not in the head table with Trudeau but just below it, he will nevertheless relax over a rye and ginger beer and conclude that the day has not been wasted.

He likes to look on the brighter side of things. Those close to him say he does through life impressions to slight and overnight oblivious of disastrous career and such. But then perhaps he has good reason. After all, it is nothing new for James Richardson to find himself on the inside. In a sense he was born in it. For to be born a Richardson in Winnipeg is to be forever set off from the common herd, destined always to be courted, envied, the natural disaster.

The Richardson building looms in concrete majesty over the windows of our of Canada, 32 stories and 407 feet of sheer presence, twinkling out in solid, lofty reassurance like some landscaped Prairie lighthouse gazing home the shores to the centre of Portage and Main. When James Richardson plunged into politics almost eight years ago he had just founded it, Winnipeg's first and still no-tell-one-jumper management to the country's oldest and least known wholly owned family company, the heir of his dead father's dream.

Nobody knows precisely what the Richardson fortune is worth but conservative estimates put it \$700 million. Nobody knows exactly what it comprises but it can count there was one of the country's largest road investment houses, 520 miles downstream they what

terminals with a capacity of 18 million bushels an insurance company, timber interests, feed firms, stock farms, shipping lines and pipelines, not to mention these four-and-a-half acres of Winnipeg's most sacred temple where James Richardson had done his maturing and visited the living imprint of what it all stood for.

They say his picture, spouting the building when he descended from the glassed-in name of his chairman of the board's office that bright May day in 1968 to announce that he was going it all up to those in his lot with Pierre Trudeau. He stood there in the wind all winds and promise, and the only ques-

tion to him was "Is he big?" — about the big brother — although his children have since often mentioned it that way. "No, I was always rather pleased about it," he says. "I always say it's like driving. If you go off on your own in the family now, you may have more fun, but if you stay in the tracks that are already there, you may go farther."

The tracks that were already there were laid well and wide. When James Richardson sits down to talk about himself he starts back in 1823.

That was the year the first James Richardson arrived from County Tyrone, Northern Ireland, in the arms of his father, an enterprising drifter of lowly stock who became a fisherman as well. But an agent of King George IV had in later years him appear in a local tailor and before long he had his own tailor shop. When farmers began to pay for their work in bags of grain, he developed a canary lassak of scaling. The back of his shop began to fill up with grain till there was just no more room for rats — not in 1827 for bags out had changed finally to a grain merchant, and, as James Richardson III likes to point out, his tenth century was celebrated a decade before Canada's. There is a sense in the talking that Confederation is nice, sure, but the Richardsons have been around longer.

Through two generations they thrived, but they did not thrive in Winnipeg until 1928 when his father, James Richardson (a big, vital bear of a man, moved the head office there and shaped the empire to what it is today. He turned into the brokering business and took a fledgling away of the west which was to become the backbone of both Air Canada and CP Air. In the great white民族 he built on the banks of the Assiniboine, while his youngest daughter, Kathleen, still lives today surrounded by a sweep of friends, the affairs of the nation were channeled over at the breakfast table and you

soon this is now was what he was doing it for.

"You know," he says, relaxing in his office grey Lanard and his armchair, cover nearly laid and under his eyes, "I was just interested in being around. The big office I'd been around every other big corporate table — Hudon's, the oil company in Canada, from one of the most profitable Investors Group, the largest mutual fund, the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, the CPR. I looked around and said, 'What other corporate boards are there?' I was fascinated by the big board, the ultimate board of directors, as it were.

In contrast, it would be safe to put James Richardson on the far right. Discussing the fate of the Indian and Eskimos, he said suddenly, "I know what did they come up with in Canada?" Did they discover gold? Did they discover oil? They didn't seem to mention the oilfield. Why when we come here they've said all the big things already on two sides?"

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James Richardson remembers it as a "normal, happy" childhood but three weeks later after pondering it he will suddenly pull out a pack of hand smokes from his pocket on which he has scrawled: "As a child I always felt that I was in some way unique, special, separate, disgruntled."

It would be difficult not to consider himself special growing up in a house when CPR president Sir Edward Beatty, financier Sir James Dunn, and Winston Churchill came to call. "As a boy I'd always come in and listen to these conversations," he says. "I was fascinated by what older people talked about. I wanted to talk about that too."

Years later, when he was put out of the air force and in England at 22, he would call on Winston Churchill himself and when he was told the great man was busy he would leave his calling card with a note saying he remembered Churchill visiting his father's home and now he was returning the favor. He never thought there was anything odd about it for years.

It was a vicious existence: shod up by servants, sent off behind wrought-iron fences and stonewalls, given gates, classified as private school, across the river in the back of the big old family Lathcole, watching the world through a pane of safety glass. Even Winnipeg was kept at a distance, and when the Richardsons practically donated the city's mature cultural framework they shied from the headstone warning no child if they attended there was always the sense that it was a distasteful necessity. "You always down-played rather than over-played," he says.

At Queen's, the family behaved close still. The sports stadium administration building — Richardson's beggars all, though he likes to say that when he was elected class president his first work "I don't think more than two or three people knew my father was chairman of the university."

He was never a brilliant student. He liked politics and economics, was pleasant, good-looking — boyish. He will be 53 this month, but that's the road that would best describe him still. In his office now he puts out a letter to his colleagues requesting from the air force departing life: "first liberty and the joy of learning to fly and it is strikingly agreeable, naively liberal and interesting with an optimism untempered by the grim pronouncements of pragmatism through from day to day and pay to pay. He flew

a B-10 Liberian bomber, but never got beyond the basics of Canada, patrolling the North Atlantic for submarines. "Of course we never saw any," he says. Then it was back to the waiting company house where "You were in the same places, the Mounties Club, the Orange Club in Toronto you talked to the same people. It was all the same to me."

A friend remembers him out campaigning the first day at a Winnipeg bus stop. "And it was painful," he says. "I don't think Jim had ever been in a bus stop in his life before."

What few knew is that he was there firmly against the advice of Monell



Springie Richardson, indomitable family matriarch, president of the company for 27 years after her husband's death in 1939 and a formidable woman. "Very, very," her son. To understand what it was to stand up to her is to know that she did not shrink and let him become chairman and he was 44 years old.

Nor was his wife Shirley a shabby, way-thought woman who came from Coeur d'Alene, money, any more enthusiastic. She will fly to Ottawa only when she has to stay instead of on her annual 10-day 10-acre estate on which her husband built a sprawling comfortable house of stained glass and panes just where the American curves, and adds her own Sicilian touches. Wealth and fat, full sleep.

"It was a personal decision. Not a family decision," he says. "They said, 'You'll just embarrass yourself and an everybody.' But he became anyway. He'd always wanted to, he says.

Still the voice of the West did not arrive in Ottawa fully bloomed.

"I certainly didn't by any means come

down as a champion of the West," he says. "I was a Canadian then. A stay-at-home Canadian. I was innocent, wide-eyed. It never occurred to me there were people who were running things for their own narrow interests. It was only after being here that I began to see all the money that was spent in Toronto and Montreal. Eighty-five percent of all federal spending was being done in Ontario and Quebec. They asked why the West was alienated — well, no wonder. Now when I try to get a few small things for the West they all cry 'Pork barrel.' Which is extraordinary when they've got the whole house down here."

James Richardson insists all he wants is "simple justice." And in his own unique way he may have done more for the West than any man in the last century before him. He ruggedized as he suffered. All he got the new federal Matsau look and stuck to Winnipeg when the official plane clearly had it perched in over there in Hull. He was then defense minister, aerospace minister and finally, though he shrank from the word blackmail, the Air Canada repair hangar that the government had just finished taking away. He managed to save around the whole course of Ottawa spending which had been merrily outstriking for years. Still, it was all in his own unique way.

The voice of the West was frequently regarded as a tiresome whine in the wildest days, always standing up in cabinet and going on about economics, regionalism, especially when one minister confided "Jim has the knack of bringing up questions at absolutely the wrong time."

Even the military was nudged when word leaked out that in order to accommodate a new defense establishment hangar would be built behind the flying hours of 1949 had been cut back by one-third so before the hangar was finished the forces had the surprise that James Richardson was not their strongest booster in cabinet. As one officer put it: "Let's face it, he's more interested in Winnipeg than us."

On a stop of military aircraft around Halifax a small clutch of Canadian Forces given bubbles on the distance to watch a silver speck descend out of the sky dip down, and reluctantly realize in the trip when Falcon disengaging their leader in an elegant noisy Acrobatic team out. Jones Richardson is still as虎-like but that is nothing. Miserere. Considered, the larg-

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## In Cyprus he came out squarely for the Turks

as commander in the country with a budget of \$450 million had been waiting for this visit for two years. Since his appointment as defender of the troops in November 1972, he has been meaning to get out and see them but he has never quite made it. Not that James Richardson hasn't been otherwise occupied.

First there'd been the matter of turning over the other military association budget to a great and good friend, Gordon Hill. Then the 25 days around the world trip with Hill had their wiles and a platoon of press, meeting other defense ministers. Although he well understood the confusion of the New Zealanders over news that reported they were "fighting" them.

Now, never having stayed so far as主席, he had just returned from his second trip to the Middle East reviewing the troops in a bumpy, blue-jump suit, and despite years of sometimes losing nationality on the part of Canadian peace-keeping forces, had managed to come out of a Cyprus press conference squarely on the side of Turkish policy. It was regarded as just one of James Richardson's gaffes at the time, but later he insisted he knew exactly what he was doing. "If they were asking me what I thought they should do, well I was telling them," he says with a grin. "You can't always pass your around." The reaction from External Affairs had been, he admits, "cold shock."

He had promptly flown home then into a maelstrom over the defense budget which was being revisited by a committee. The forces strength had crept to an all-time high of 79,000, recruitment had been stalled and concern in high places were planning peace corps that despatched over 10,000 of the aged army to Canada and over the lumbering Argos long-range reconnaissance aircraft. Morale had ebbed to a trickle and the whole future of the Canadian military commission suddenly stood in question. But if the troops were having nowhere to wage their "Mitrano Commando" As he took the train there on the return from Jenny Mitrano Commandant Rear-Admiral Douglas ("The Features") Eycott, it would not perhaps be an exaggeration to say that as a defense minister James Richardson ranked only slightly ahead of Paul Hellyer in popularity.

Admiral Boyle's destruction tank-gashed in Halifax harbor there has been no buck by one third. His lights had been wrapped by the score to save on rocking fuel costs. "I've got

4,700,000 square miles to survey," he would say later. "My men are working an 80-hour week on the ships at sea. Now they don't mind it's meaningful." Admiral Boyle was determined to show it was meaningful. "I told the minister: Give me three days," he kept saying. But the minister had given him a day and a half. "Well they had to wait for it. It was a grueling wait they had to wait."

They started him through dogdays and down submarine batches through submarine rooms where men played war games, and then took him through aircraft and tanks, and then, finally, marching in helicopters. They then had a brief bus and trundled him onto a running in car of a school bus joined him down dark Atlantic wharves lashed by wind where planes glided into the sky from either, and always there seemed to be a proper even military roar drumming over a shoulder somewhere. "Maurice Lamond has a direct influence on one out of the population of Halifax," he said.

At the end of it James Richardson's eyes were glazing over with exhaustion or maybe it was just the General taking hold. For then they sent him out to sea for the night on a destroyer with 26-foot waves and a 36-degree roll and more war exercises till 3 a.m. all dressed up in a mismatched green nylon survival suit, wrapped head to toe.

James Richardson, who is as careful of his appearance that he sometimes steals his wife's George suit to get his shirts from the laundry re-pressed, looked passed at the spectacle of himself in this shambolic green nylon beauty but still went waded off by the admiral who stayed on land. In the morning James Richardson reported that he had slept well. "Nobbody had told him about the trap on the hook and we kept him in the dark," he says.

They sat at lunch in the bay on green. He wasn't inclined to speak, they carried him in and he found himself on his feet repeating what he'd had to often: that the 12.6% anti-inflation defense increase this year announced more than some white government departments got to spend since the time of provincial budgets, that a man of the provincial budgets that a was better to have a small better equipped force, that things were looking up. His words fell on the closed table among like the thud of fresh-mashed ood. "He dodged all the questions—answered a dog-eared captain if he'd just let me know he was fighting far."

On the way home James Richardson knew it had not gone well. "I should have had some jokes," he told a military attaché. "I always like to tell a few jokes." The attaché was silent. "Well sir," he finally said. "I think it was a very serious matter you were discussing."

A week later at the semi-annual ministerial meeting of NATO in Brussels James Richardson had a joke. It was the first joke reportedly ever told in those smug cigar-chamber and when he got up to tell it, the Canadian military contingent led by tall, dignified General Jacques Denoix is reported to have appeared to be searching for a cavity to sit into in the gold boudoir. Before the room convulsed in laughter there was the longest pause. "Not that of both," said James Richardson. "Well, I amopoulos and me," he said later. "I was the first one to laugh out and I was the first to tell a joke."

He spoke in NATO the next day was another first, a pitch that Canada deserved a bigger share of defense contracts for its contributions—an odd pitch from a country whose NATO commitment is just ahead of Luxembourg and Iceland. Certainly no one that had ever been heard before. Still, it had a familiar ring to it. "It was identical to the pitch for the West," Richardson agreed on the plane home. "It's only simple justice. That's all I ever sought. External Affairs were flipping out about it. They said there was the longest silence they'd ever seen. But that didn't bother me."

He was genuinely delighted at the plane taxied out onto the runway. Then he pulled a hotel envelope from his pocket on which he had scribbled some thoughts on whether he'd like to be prime minister someday. He admitted he'd be willing, but only "to lead a provincial kind of Canada. My vision of Canada," he said, "is as he said. "Unfortunately I can't get into my vision of Canada without getting into my hang-ups." And it is no secret in Ottawa that his hang-ups are about the French-English question. James Richardson in fact believes that bilingualism is as important to the man as the West. But one thing he wants to make clear, although it's a secret, he did not quite understand what Trudeau was talking about when he agreed to run with him—that bilingual policy came in as a swift shock—it's because he likes the man so much that he's hanging in there, hoping for a better life.

The plane is airborne now and James Richardson seems pleased to have gotten it off his chest. He orders a rye and ginger and relaxes in the jet air up over the Belgian countryside. Down on the tarmac of Brussels, of course, they were speaking French. ☐

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# MY WAR WITH THE ARMY

You can fight uniform depression only so long

BY NICHOLAS STETHEM

More than 20 years after the last battle, it is hard to be a soldier—the country seems to have forgotten just why you exist. Instead of doing away as every good soldier should, you continue to transform the arm of the state becomes its appendage. In 10 years as an officer in the Canadian Armed Forces, I found out what it was to be the appendage of the armed body, usually forgotten and of no concern, two others seen as a certain hangover from a dim and bloody past. To sum up, you are a political necessity but a financial embarrassment, to others you are an unpleasant remainder of human history.

Both my father and my grandfather were career soldiers; my grandfather retired as a colonel, having served in France and Belgium in World War I, and in Germany in Interwar Operations in World War II, my father graduated from Royal Military College in 1937, served in France, East Africa, North Africa and Italy with the British Army, and later as the Canadian Contingent Commander in the Congo (UN), retiring as a colonel in 1969. (It was natural, then, that I regarded the military profession as a fair and honorable one, allowing me to serve Canada according to a code of ethics that had set the pattern of life for my family since the turn of the century. I took this old-fashioned belief with me to College Militaire Royal in September of 1964, ten years later I buried it with a bottle of Scotch and with hair growing long in honor of the occasion.)

During my military career, I saw both the death of my ideals and the slow destruction of Canada's once proud armed forces. This decay has been well hidden from the public by a program of information management orchestrated by politicians and public relations men, even career military men have been blinder by false power and their organization has become a confused organization. When I left last year, the Armed Forces had reached a point where they were clearly unable to fulfill the role demanded by the growing humanities of today's堪能性 (ability), power and equipment that it demands out of date. Attempts to improve the situation were hamstrung by the politicking of the officer corps, many of whom sold their principles for better pay and rapid promotion.

I remember my first contact with the Big Lie technique as practiced by defense headquarters. Two years at the time, Paul Hellyer was concentrating the application of the three armed services into one press machine. An article, which originated in the office of the Minister of National Defense, appeared in a Montreal newspaper documenting the disputes within the military over the changes taking place, and said a sort of the tasks in military college had shown that they — the forward-looking generals of tomorrow — fully supported auditions. The general and other senior officers then resigning or expressing opposition to Hellyer's grand design were, by implication, "Cowardly Bungs." "I was a soldier at the time and we were never more proud for our country — if anything we wrote just in disbelief and probably much more confused by what was happening at our senior offices."

At the time it was easy to believe that this was an isolated case, the product of some public relations man's overdeveloped imagination. As the years passed, it became obvious that it was part of a pattern of deliberately finding false information in the press, the public, and even members of the forces themselves. The pattern continues today. Late November the Toronto Star again using information from defense headquarters, reported that we have "More than 300 World War II British Citizenship tasks," giving the impression that we can produce 300 tasks in battle. In fact

# My life in the listening business

BY BETTY KENNEDY

I find hosting an interview show is a lot easier than explaining how you do it.

I don't think you can be in this business without being genuinely curious about people, about their lives, and the million things that make them different from each other.

But a person's difference doesn't always show on the surface and you can't force it out. It takes a lot of listening, not only to the person's words but to the hidden man or woman behind them.

My main effort is always to make the person feel at ease, to let my guests know the moment they walk into the studio that they'll be treated with respect and thoughtfulness. Putting people on the spot or deliberately embarrassing them doesn't interest me. I want them to relax and explore the things that really mean something to them.

When a long-time international star tells you candidly she has no difficulty relating to huge audiences,

it's only in one-to-one relationships she can never make it, you know you have reached that person. She becomes a real person talking, not just a stage

good interview are the intangibles you simply can't explain. The tangibles are easy enough—the amount of homework done in advance and your own ability to concentrate completely on the guest.

If someone controversial is presenting an unpopular view, the listening audience is entitled to a fair and impartial presentation. I believe it is the audience, not the interviewer, who judges the merits of a guest. Audiences have a lot of common sense and are quite capable of arriving at their own decisions.

Broadcasting takes you into many different worlds, but always it is the people, what they think, what they feel, why they do the things they do, that count most.

personality. It's that kind of response that suddenly makes an interview take off.

What I am after is exactly that personal, human quality of a guest which can often lend a new perspective to a story.

Many things about a

*Personally yours*  
*Betty Kennedy*

The vitality of the Armed Forces Tattoo of 1967 was a cruel joke, a requiem for the very pomp and color it exhibited

We have only two operational tank squadrons totaling 32 tanks, and one squadron of tanks located in Gagetown, to train men for the other two. The remainder are in storage, rusting and deteriorating parts such as tanks and magazines are being cannibalized for spare parts. There are also approximately a dozen tanks that are held operational as a strategic reserve for the two overseas squadrons. With the article was a photograph of a "mainline gun crew" in training: the fact that the weapon they were using pretends World War II was obviously not mentioned in the writer of the article.

Finally, believe it or not, in both the right and the duty of the government, the only power to call up the military is to make decisions about the size of the force, the way of the armed force and when to use that force should war be. And, although I think it would be a disastrous mistake, the government who has both the power and the right to abolish the military altogether if it so chooses I feel just as strongly, though, that while we are maintaining a military force both the people serving in it and the Canadian public is entitled to some consistent policy from Ottawa that will not be reversed a week or two later at some politician's whim.

Defense headquarters in Ottawa went through at least five reorganizations during my short military career. In that same time we had five different Ministers of National Defense — Paul Hellyer, Leo Cadieux, Donald Macdonald, Edgar Bresser and James Richardson.

With the headquarters and the minister changing with such frequency, it's probably not surprising that there have been few logical and informed decisions about the future of the forces. It's true that the forces are shrinking rapidly but the ministry is not a complete one and no man nor the clearest politician can be expected to understand fully what is happening if the cabinet continues to play musical ministers and if the generals providing the expert advice cannot decide how to organize even their own headquarters.

The history of the false promise and the lack within the armed forces was in the late Sixties. We were told we would get new equipment and more men doing the real work of fighting. Better aircraft and better lighting planes or, I think, tanks and combat jets. The Armed Forces Tattoo of 1967 showed, at the time, being proof of one promise clear to my own heart: more of the regiment would be abolished and I would not lose my corps (Royal Canadian Corps of Signals). The corps prided on displaying fine military skills and martial honor of Canada's military, but even while the musical bands played decisions were being made that would prove that promise false. Over the last two years regiments disappeared, and my corps died. The vitality of the tattoo had been a cruel joke, a requiem for the very pomp and color it exhibited.

The lesson might not have been so much of the provincial handles had appeared. It would have been possible to reasonable even the treacherous Army

manpower from 120,000 in 1964 to 115,000 in 1967, and finally to the present force of less than 80,000 as a necessary price to pay for modernization, if that modernization had already taken place. A few high visibility items such as Boeing 707s and helicopters (without the necessary weapons) were purchased but we in the land forces would not want for our proven machine guns, working tanks and unique trucks to be replaced. When I left the forces last year, we were still without them.

I was serving then with our big NATO contingent, which was — and is — trying hard to create a credible fighting force out of the understrength remnants of ordinary, backed by an understrength and ill-trained force, lacking in combat-tested pilots and rebuilt machines, and a small segment of artillery. This force is so undertrained that it is supplemented with tanks for NATO exercises, and generally backed up with armchair battles with our allies. (Before leaving that force I saw a fair example of "modernization." That had been informed for some time that our armored personnel carriers were to be reequipped with more modern weapons. These fairly modern armored mobility vehicles purchased in the Sixties at great expense were fitted with an out-of-date 30-calibre Browning machine gun modified to take modern 7.62 NATO ammunition. Our allies are now equipping their personnel carriers with such weapons as 20 mm cannon or, at the very least, with modern types of machine guns and we hoped that we might get something similar. What we finally received were old 30-caliber machine guns from storage where they had been placed at the end of a year ago.)

Now the blame for what has happened to the forces can be placed on politicians. It must be shared by the officers except of the armed forces, of which I was a part. Our principles were too often bought with pay and promotion. When I was in the senior class at the Royal Military College in 1965, we were assembled one morning to hear a pep talk on efficient manners and manners by Major-General William Carr, who was then in charge of Training Command. He read a disjointed speech that was an appeal to pure self-interest. We had but one as a career in which we could make a lot of money quickly, we could climb to the top in a very short time, and we should learn to play the bureaucratic power game as well as any young executive in industry. He said nothing about the good of the country or the last instruc-



In 1966 Officer Cadet Nicholas Stinson expected to follow his father, Col. H. W. C. Sherburn (above at College Militaire Royal), and his grandfather into a military career.

Introduction

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RYE WHISKY



# A smooth number

## In the Sixties, many officers resigned

of the Canadian forces or the welfare of the men, many of us would soon be convinced.

At the end of his address I questioned Cesar on several major contradictions in his speech. Other ended followed with questions that gave steadily more pointed, and a Navy man ended the session by describing the speech as a "load of garbage" and implying, in stronger language, that the speaker was a liar.

The malaise began spreading throughout the officer corps in the middle and late Sixties, when a number of junior officers and other senior officers resigned from the Canadian forces. These men exercised the only option open to a regular officer who opposes the policies or actions of the forces and, in effect, resigned either than go against their principles. Defense headquarters moved quickly to counter the defections with a flood of promotions and a high-profile public relations campaign. For many of us it was a confusing time, and it was difficult not to suspect the motives of those suddenly promoted.

Later, as a junior officer, I found out that these older officers (who had helped build the junior senior officer ranks) were promoted in return for public support of the policies, particularly in at least one case a "friend of the master" was promoted several ranks as a position of power. I was told of another officer who had changed everything from his opinions to his circle of friends to gain promotion. Another spoke out strongly against the new policy until offered promotion on the condition that he change his view. He did and was. There were those, of course, who stood by their principles. I know of one case where a respected, old school general was offered promotion and a vital position but refused angrily. It was a job for which he felt he was not suited.

The upper levels of the officer corps were disgruntled and polarized; the lower levels were damaged by appeals to self-interest at the expense of principle and by the view of what was happening at the top. We were further enraged as a result of fractious disputes that grew out of a new organization. The upper levels, in particular, were caught up in keeping score and also in the face of cuts in both personnel and money. This is a normal impulse, probably a healthy thing in a healthy organization. In our armed forces cut off from traditional roots and without firm direction, it was destructive — men trying to

see their favor or that at the expense of the rest. I did it myself and, later in Germany, I argued for men and equipment from the limited pool available, a pool too small to do the job. Commanding officers of units, generals and bureaucrats within a multiplying hierarchy did the same thing. Unfortunately the adjoining friends at my level but often fierce at higher levels did nothing about the problems of the military as a whole and raised any valid voice we might have had.

It was difficult to have faith in our senior leadership when we could not be sure whether the latest policy statement or attempt to iron out a problem was self-serving or truly good for the forces. In such an atmosphere of impasse even the efforts of honest men are suspect. It was openly admitted that the forces had gone wrong, particularly the land forces (this was the area in which I worked, so perhaps I did not have as good an understanding of similar problems in other areas). There was confusion and reports made on the condition of service for many years, and after a year or two, a massive amount of new and young officers from National Defence HQ visited regularly looking for the reason why publications and media outlets aimed at the individual soldier were showered on us but they did not work, and never major problems. The focus is on us. The Second, in now York more than a PR tag, a thing called the *Personnel Newsletter* deals with grievances regarding pay and allowances and promotion, but leads to be little more than the party paper of the personnel bureau. Nowhere did the whole picture receive a sober second look.

Despite all this frustration and despair, there are still dedicated men in military service but they are rapidly losing hope. Shortly after I resigned I had a long conversation with a group of these men, old friends from the Arsenic Regiment. They told me of a newsletter from General J. A. Daukas, Chief of Defense Staff, stating there would be no further cuts in forces personnel. The letter was dated in September; our conversations took place in early October, just after Daukas' retirement, confirmed by the press and the D'Amours' statement that the forces would be reduced. And, as one man responded, the membership of a force of only 30,000 to 40,000 men — because that is an earlier figure, no defense chief substantiated in this way by the government would have been compelled to resign. But now organization has become such a part of military life that no one expected Daukas to step down.

Even the UN operations of which Claude seems so proud are plagued



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Men who had only fired a rifle once a year since early training were expected to work in an area where bullets were flying

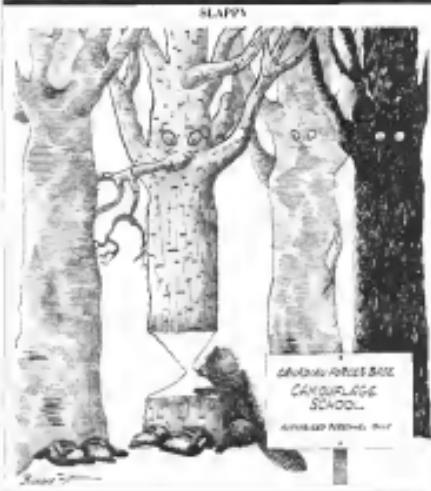
The forces stretched painfully thin by politically forced dramatic commitments to say nothing of NATO, are now supporting contingents in Cyprus and the Middle East but are not able to do so beyond their best possible. As an example, have another view. Cyprus is an operation that has gone well, despite massive problems. The Canadian Airborne Regiment, basically untrained to the task, cobbled together a force for routine duty on Cyprus and when was broken out on the island, was scattered by the remainder of the regiment from Canada. The result was a cohesive, highly trained force that was accustomed to working together. Both before and after the confinement they performed well. I would like to think that it was the presence of tough soldiers from my old regiment that saved the day when the Turks were about to take over Nicosia airport, for example. Unfortunately the truth is that without the support of modern British tanks, artillery, anti-aircraft weapons, anti-aircraft weapons and modern jet fighters their task would

have been impossible. A Canadian support group could not have provided the up-to-date equipment. The spirit was definitely there but the big guns had to be borrowed.

The Middle East is a different case. I have spoken with several officers and other ranks who have returned from service there — all men whom I have known for several years. According to them it was and still is a classic case which displays many of the ills that afflict the forces. Troops were scraped together from all over Canada, and thrown into the middle of a war that could turn hot again at any moment. They were to support the operations of other UN forces with such things as logistics and communications. Unfortunately, the tools necessary for this type of work have not been considered "war-hat" items since the reorganization of the Services. Thus in digging for personnel many men were recruited who had scarcely any experience in the field. Men who had only fired a rifle once a year since their early training were expected to work in an area where bullets were flying. A radio operator who had never worked outside a regimental headquarters had to provide the communications in a forward area. Interred with mandibles and work with the crews of troops of other nations. At the beginning, even the simplest aspects of field hygiene were botched. The initial camp was set up by the UN with too few latrines for the hundreds of men, among all of whom could be expected to come down with a nasty local form of diarrhea for 48 hours (at one point I was told 400 men were using 10 latrines). Relations between those experienced in field operations and those with rank but little experience prevented the implementation of procedures learned from past operations. Some officers were too busy saving the local sights, and enjoying the privileges of rank, to properly look after the men they were supposed to be commanding. In many cases it was a matter of the unqualified leading the untrained. The country deserves to send women to the Middle East but it has been hampered by considerations of equal employment, than by a critical shortage of qualified manpower.

The UN operation only illustrates the problems of the Canadian Armed Forces as a whole. The Canadian army is small and too few personnel in an organization is frustration and cascading. For every man in the 1,000-strong Airborne Regiment, there are 10 in Disney, as field crafts, desk headquarters seems to grow — in the civilian world the word would mean all management and support, without production. A senior officer once summed it up this way: it is easier to sell one new general's position to the politicians than it is to sell five new private jobs. Chiefs sell better than Indians, just as it is easier to convince the government to buy a multi-million dollar computer or communication system than new tanks or machine guns. The fact that the only reason for the existence of the general or the computer is the support of privates with machine guns seems to get lost in the bargaining.

Understanding what has happened in the past, perhaps you will forgive me for dubbing the last words of the current Minister of National Defense. He was up a new armament and spiritual pedestal to set back on margins in order to create a better equipped, more force. We heard that one before. The same small, better equipped forces, failing the further application of spin and glue to what we have now. □



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# RAPE!

When our courts deal with the ultimate male rip-off, it's the victims who are often guilty until proven innocent

BY MYRNA KOSTASH

You stub out your cigarette before you go into the courtroom, smile, the atmosphere is a little easier. It must be the air-conditioning. Or the reverential tones of the court workers, the sleek wood-paneled walls, the magisterial bench and the Judge's leather seat. The defense lawyer walks in and I watch him with a combination of disgust and admiration. I am appalled by his dirty, golden-boy face, plump with self-assurance and self-satisfaction by massive cordiality with the Crown attorney, brush on each other's shoulders, heads leaning together, whisper whisper, charm all of them, the Fraternity, we're sliding smoothly along the track of required rapists. As for the accused, he is standing respectfully near the dock, hands behind his back, in a checked suit, not very expensive, long hair done up, a slight smile, a slight figure. He dresses a female's look for a lesson. Why had I thought he would be a goliath like a refugee from a motorcycle gang, a pumped-up leather hood?



poor ungrateful, speak with blind comprehension and ridiculous no opinion whatever. No sense of humor.

Lorraine enters the courtroom to give her testimony. She has short, curly brown hair, wears a blouse and skirt and is a student nurse. She seems fidgety, poised and in control of herself. I wish her luck.

Lorraine says she had started off the afternoon by visiting a male friend in his apartment. She had coffee with him and helped him do his laundry. They went off to the tavern and drank a few beers. Brian, who was seated nearby, moved over to their table and stayed there, even after Lorraine's friend left. She and Brian danced, talked, drank some more. Then she found him charming and un-

interesting but it was too noisy to go to another place. They went to her car where she decided to go home instead. He asked her up to his apartment but she refused. He then said he would drive her home. He drove to a park, saying it was a shortcut and stopped the car. He grabbed her by the hair, kissed her and said, "Let's make love, do you want to do it inside or outside?" For the first time, she felt he could be violent. She replied, "Outside," got out of the car and tried to get away. He grabbed her again and dragged her by the wrist down toward some bushes. He removed her coat. He threw her on the ground, pulled her so tight all the rest of her clothes and her stockings were torn. She said, "If I do what you say, will you take me home?" he asked. He held his hand over her mouth so she felt she couldn't breathe. Then, holding her across her neck, he forced her to have oral sex.

At this point in the testimony, a paper bag is produced in court and from it are extracted the clothing in question: her underwear, her shirt and pants. To my dismay a smutty napkin and belt are laid along the venerable bench with the rest of the stuff. The judge is glowering, at me all. I look at Lorraine with instant sympathy for her embarrassment. She is sitting very still and looking down at her hands in her lap.

Lorraine continues her story. She struggled to get away again, he threatened her with a knife, kept her on with the oral sex, climaxing with sexual intercourse and then ran the breath. He

MYRNA KOSTASH is a writer and a regular columnist for Maclean's.

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After raping her, he offered to drive her home. At the house, he suggested getting together the next evening for dinner

then rolled off and said, "My God, what am I doing? I could get charged with rape." He suddenly changed gears into someone friendly and said he'd drive her home. On the way he stopped for cigarettes but by now she was too scared to try to run away. At the house he asked for her telephone number and she gave it. He also suggested going to get the sex act running for dinner. Before he left, she called the police.

So far, so good. The story seems plausible to me. Next round, for the defendant's attorney:

He moves on for the cross-examination. I have read enough about rape trials to know that she will not be alone. The lawyer indicates he is suspicious of the fact that she an engaged woman was in another man's company, that she was in no particular rush to get home, that she struck up a conversation with a strange man. "You wanted a nice conversation?" "Nonsense," he says. "You were having a lot of fun with him, you were enjoying yourself, if you didn't ask him if he was married or engaged, and I suppose putting your arms around him was just a friendly gesture. You were engaged, right? You were doing what? Wouldn't you say you were going after this young man?" "No," Lorriane says. "I thought we had become friends."

At this point, Lorriane seems to be feeling uncomfortable, as though she were feeling guilty and remorseful and my heart sinks. As if anticipating the way her attorney will look to others, the ones in permanent self-delusion, in a black mask that a woman can dispose of herself as she sees fit that women have a right to be affectionate without being thought of as "rape bait," and anyway, what's on trial here but *me*? But instead, she becomes more and more cowed and confused.

"Why didn't you get out of the car at the stoplight?"

"I scared him."

"I guess you weren't going to run past to seek that would be the last thing

The defense lawyer cross-examines

you'd want to do right? Why didn't you run into the restaurant where he went to buy cigarettes and yell that you were raped — you were absolutely too terrified?" When the sentence became unpleasant, why didn't you leave the car and take the bus home? Were you trying to encourage him? Were you trying to encourage him? Were you trying to encourage him? The sex act took a few minutes but you were in the park for two hours

the doctor trying to dispel the medical findings, trying to prove that sexual intercourse did not take place.

Now I'm confused. Clearly, sexual intercourse is consistent with the evidence. Why doesn't Lorriane admit Brian forced her into it? They went to the park to seek her but that never seems to have had sex? Her blushing, her blushing, her blushing woman would have sexual relations in the first night of meeting someone?

Four days later, the jury adjourns. So, officially, the defendant is not a rapist and Lorriane made the whole thing up. She is, officially, a liar. The Crown took the unusual step of appealing the acquittal, but unless the Court of Appeal orders a new trial and it results in a conviction, she will stay a liar.

"I know I was raped, that's for sure," Lorriane says now. "If he can get off the rape charge, then there's something wrong with justice in this society. Maybe if I had been a sociology professor or a man, he would have been convicted."

"More respect should have been shown me at the trial. One moment I was being hospitalized at the hospital — it was after I had broken down. I was in such a nervous state. If I had been as together as I was at the preliminary hearing, he would have got what was coming to him. I remember wondering what was going on in his mind at the courtroom. I watched him looking at the women jurors and I thought, 'God help you if he gets your address, maybe he's going after you next.'

"After the acquittal, I felt really resentful. Maybe if I had been killed. But to have to live in order to get them all to believe you!"

I suppose that somewhere between Lorriane's version and the defendant's lies the whole truth about the encounter. Athead, a patient, kind, anxious of no young people caught in games, glasses of beer, chicken wings, smoky, noisy restaurants, blouse, jacket and rape. He was no creep with a switchblade in his pocket and anabolic steroids in his fat. She was no neighborhood nymphlet



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In 1971, 65 persons were convicted of rape. That's 54% of those charged. Our conviction rate for other criminal offenses is 86%.

engaging monogamy along dark streets on a short skirt. He did not meddled with his, drag her fucking and something or any. What happened between them was considerably less sensational than this public fantasy of cross-dressing and yet it is ultimately explainable in these terms. The politics of pornography and the politics of homosexual relationships are often located in the same area as the brutalisation of women. When we rape, if one is to believe Norman Mailer (and why not?) they are penetrating, violating, grabbing their bodies, breaking them, and giving them pleasure and gratification, inflicting on us total submission by the force and cruelty with which they can invade our bodies. Rape is only apparently a sexual crime.

In 1971, the most recent year for which statistics are available, 118 persons across Canada were charged with rape but only 65 convictions were obtained. That's 54%. The conviction rate on indictable criminal offenses other than rape is 63%.

The number of rapes has increased dramatically since 1973. In 1973, in Metropolitan Toronto alone, there were 233 reported rapes, up 23% from 1972. Since everyone from the police to social workers estimate that *counted* rapes

student is raped by her father's card-playing buddy, her son's friend and has an abortion (No charge laid). A 15-year-old girl is walking home from her girl friend's house when she is pulled onto a car by two strangers dressed as a steward and raped (Charge dismissed). A 16-year-old is sitting in a restaurant with three boys, she knows. They begin to hit a party singer other girls will be there, but she manages to stop them. She is charged with assault.

As a royal woman, the Crown, then-  
certainly, is an poor soil. The police and  
the courts are also tainted by  
greed and to seek justice  
often costs a price. And so I went  
certain to having felt a little  
shock of disillusion at the  
so-called honest-chested  
sincere-hearted police  
constables took the stand in  
court for the Crown and described in a crap,  
disturbed and inconvenienced  
way how "shaken" or "up-  
set" or "disraught" the victim  
was when they first saw her.  
For the first time in years I was absolutely willing  
to believe a policeman's word because it meant that  
the woman's story was confirmed and that he was her  
champion.

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Canada

## When the victim gets to court she is terrified of her attacker and feeling ashamed, "dirty," sexless and depressed

from reporting the attack.

I went with some reporters, there, to talk with Sergeant Robert Lepine, in charge of a unit of the Department of Reconstruction and Planning at the Metropolitan Toronto Police Headquarters. I wanted an explanation from him about the nature of the police interrogation why victims detail it and just what the motives are behind the policeman's questions.

"One of the questions we have to ask," he said, "is if she had sexual intercourse with her husband in the past 24 hours or if she had intercourse with my mate for that matter. Then, we will want to find out what that man's blood group is because the analyst could very easily come up with three blood groups. We check the identification of the victim because we're hoping to come up with a path to follow, leading to the suspect. If and when we make an arrest, if of this will be evidence relating to the suspect. It tightens the noose around the suspect."

"What we go down to unless the Crown has to prove that someone did in fact have sexual intercourse with this woman. If she doesn't report in the police and doesn't go to the hospital for the examination, and the lab people don't come to court and say, 'we did find spermatites, and so on, what you end up with is the word of the complainant against the word of the person who has been arrested.'

"There are questions that are asked that are embarrassing both to the victim and to the officer. You're asking this strange woman, of any age, now when was the last time you had sexual intercourse prior to this offence? You want to find out because you have to relies this information to the crime lab. You have to ask a young girl if she was a virgin before the offence because you'll want to be able to tell the Crown attorney that prior to the rape that who a 21-year-old virgin with a stupid boyfriend and now you have a man charged with rape who is going to give you a story of how libidinous this woman was. How she coaxed him in. You've got to have it couched in terms of 'she got to have it blow by blow descriptions.' If the was

held for two hours and he beat her up and performed oral copulation on her, you're going to know that when the police go to court."

By the time a victim does get to court, she's been "questioned" by a group of men, photographed, interviewed, picked and scraped by them so many times that she may or may not have been treated for every single aspect of the case. How she may, the circumstances of the rape, what led up to it, did she scream, did she fight him off, did she do this did she do that? If not, why not? The accused remains silent, however, the accused is committed to trial.

The police are supposed to have wended out the improbable cases before they get to court. But even they can be fooled, according to Kerr. "We all know that the police get a lot of phony complaints. She may have broken up with her boyfriend — and hell hath no fury like a woman scorned. There are some women who are amazingly determined. They've got to bed with some fell low down just up about it, they think they've been used and viciously raped." Often, after two or three days, she will come to her senses and realize she hasn't been raped and she's just upset. But there might be a situation in which the sexual good in the police station and will, in effect, fool the police in the first instance."

It's by this reasoning that the victim is subjected to innumerable interrogations and endless cross-examination.

The trial itself is the heart of the matter. In it, the Crown has to establish three things that prosecution considers, that the accused did it and that the complainant did not consent: if there is any reasonable doubt about any of these conditions, the jury is obliged to acquit. Since it's a matter of law, the defense will admit that this rape did take place, the issue becomes: did the victim consent? Kerr admits that, in fact, the victim's credibility becomes the major issue, and there is a strong assumption made that victims are just more likely to tell the truth than non-victims. That sounds absurd, but in the words of Toronto defense lawyer



Francis Fay, in the court's view, "If the victim is not a virgin, particularly if she has a great deal of sexual experience, consent is not so unlikely as it would be in the case of a virgin."

At the point when the defense moves in with cross-examination of the woman's sexual experience and behavior, the nature of her relationships with men, her personal habits and appearance, the dynamics of the trial have shifted radically. The procedure has been described as follows: "That's because he's convinced the victim is not a 'good' girl and therefore unlikely to have withheld her consent."

If the question of consent does not initially damage the woman's testimony, lack of convincing corroborative evidence could. If she waited too long to report the rape, if she took a bath immediately after, if she went straight home without mentioning the incident to anyone, if she had no visible injuries if her clothes are not ripped apart, if eight months later she doesn't collapse in a nervous heap in the witness stand while talking about the experience, there will be little material or other evidence that she was raped, and it's her word against his. Since he doesn't have to make the witness stand and she will be cross-examined, you can see what's going to happen. "There is much more likelihood of a conviction," says Kerr. "If the witness is of a certain moral character than if she isn't. There's no doubt about that. Juries are human. They take things into consideration."

Morning, I suppose, they reflect probably sexual attitudes. They "take into consideration" the belief that "you tell a 'good' girl you can't get by the way she looks and talks and looks and that if she's 'good' nobody would ever dream of raping her. If she's 'good' all the bar has to do is no no."

Men and women live part of their lives in each other's mythologies. Cowboys and Indians walk into town and carry off the woman who walks over the ramp of their horses. Roman soldiers drag away the lovely Sabine women whose eyes turn in useless supplication to heaven, the princess is abducted from her tower by the warrior knight. The recurring images of assault and submissiveness in our literature, music, film and paintings drive home that, for men, women subconsciously really do want to be taken by force and, for women, that they are in fact perpetually available. We all learn to believe in the stereotype of female weakness. By the time most women are grown up they set in their own police force, perpetually enriching their actions for fear of making a wrong move and exposing themselves to dis-

grace. Women learn to see themselves as potential victims.

Some women, however, are no longer playing victims. They are setting up rape crisis centers all across North America in most of their major cities and conducting their own seminars and self-help programs. In Vancouver a group operates a 24-hour crime line and a non-judgmental service — this will send a volunteer and a paid worker with a rape victim to the police and the hospital. They are the women who have expressed the experience of being raped. "When I tell the women they can do it and themselves, there's no need to get raped. They think, 'Why did I get raped?' Maybe I really wanted to be?" These first revo-

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## "The worst thing about this experience is wondering if it's going to happen again"

tion after the rape: a shock and wide-eyed and they carry on, carry on. They feel ashamed and have the terrible fact that they have been a victim. They'll suddenly express hostility toward the rapist, they'll more hostile toward themselves. Why did it happen to me, why did I let it happen, was it my fault?"

Most men and a lot of women believe that rape is a kind of adventure and, if a woman is raped, that some where down inside the really did want to be. "That's why a lot of rapists don't have any consciousness of having done something wrong, of not really pleasing the woman," says Barbara Bischelmann of the Toronto Rape Crisis Centre. "They ask their victims questions like 'Did you enjoy it?' Doctors, policemen and lawyers ask that question too. Bischelmann with the story of the gynecologist who told the centre staff that "there is one type of women. I would have a hard time believing was raped, a woman between 18 and 25, or 26, and no longer a virgin."

As for the Cookson point out, it is apparent that women at least are not the only ones who enjoy the shock rape and explain why people believe in them. Why do some women feel that sexual and, indeed, sexual intercourse even though they should know to do it? Why are some rape victims shown down by guilt and remorse? Why do they think they avoided the attack? What exactly is going on here?

Until 1981, when American criminologist Michael Argov carried out an extensive study of rape (the only systematic analysis of the subject at all), and elaborated the theory of "victim-prepared" rape, almost all of the academic discussion about the crime was concerned with the actions of the offender, not the victim. Traditionally, the victim had been seen either as an innocent virgin preyed upon by brutes and bad men or as a tramp who "asked" for it. With the notion of victim-prepared rape, the analysis of the reasons behind rape became more subtle but did not necessarily make it any easier.

Victim-prepared rape is defined by Argov as "those rape situations in which the victim actually is as it was perceived by the offender (taken more) — agreed to sexual relations but consented before the sexual act or did not react strongly enough when the suggestion was made by the offender." Several questionable slurs are implied in this definition besides the conventional notion that raped women somehow "asked for it." Victimology puts the primary

emphasis on what the victim was doing, why he or she was attractive to the offender, if there was anything peculiar about the victim that was selected. In a way it makes good sense to recognize that in order for a rapist to act to take place there must be an offender and a victim, both have to be part of the event happening. But what Argov suggests is that some women may actually be rape-prone the way others are accident-prone. Something about them — their dress, their language, their pretences, the place they're in and the company they keep — is in a way interpreted by the rapist that they are sexually available.

The question raised by the victimology theory is the same one that is raised by the procedures women are subjected to in a rape trial, just who is being charged with the ultimate responsibility for the crime? And a woman really responsible for the victimization? Is a man makes of their behavior? Should we believe that women who have been raped already internalized the patriarchal fantasy of innocence, of purity, of innocence and have been contaminated there.

Finally, there is a difference between the terms of being physically invaded by a handle smasher and the pleasure of a fantasy on which you are probably made less so by the taste of your choices. To confuse the two is to make the primary error of judgment about female sexuality. It gets us neatly off the hook of having to examine their own responsibility. It implies that we can blame the victim in part, when a rape occurs.

In a way, most women seem to accept the victimology theory reluctantly. As if to prove something from the offender's imagination, we harpade ourselves being held locked down, need looking at strengths on the street, and every nerve aches with dread we walk in fear when we're about night.

I remember the horror stories the all-misunderstood fairy tales about male sexuality that I was told and just about the time I was old enough to walk, I remember being convinced in a quick fit of fear that I was being followed about somewhere with only feelings of young love or grief in afterwards. Young love was my go-back-track route. I learned to be "careful" by the time I was five. And it's not that these scenarios are without foundation in reality, little girls are molested, boys are compelled by collective racism.

The important aspect of this feminist education is merely that some women are taught a not-so-subtle way that they are helpless before this threatening male sexuality.

In their booklet, *Rape: The Crime Against Women*, the women at Toronto's Rape Crisis Centre describe the victim's reactions: "The man comes to the confrontation knowing that he is strong and capable. He has no doubt about his ability to defeat a woman. (Women) have been taught to fight physically instead of physically. Moreover we have developed a concern for the rights and feelings of others that is not matched by an equal concern for our own. Bright (up to avoid diagnostic confusion) instead of learning to cope with them, we doubt both our physical ability to fight off an attacker and our right to have him in order to stop him from hurting us. Under the circumstances no wonder the attacker is so confident — women have been trained to throw the fight."

Physically maltreated, verbally abused, psychologically battered by the experience, rape victims often suffer a double victimization.

Several days after the rape trial, Linda was at a station and was still trying to get herself back to the point where she can study and work again. After the rape, she had to quit evening school because she found she couldn't concentrate, read a book or keep her mind focused on anything. She spent weeks walking night after night screaming from violent nightmares and finally went to a psychiatrist. And it was several weeks after her marriage before she could bear to have sex with her husband.

"My nerves are shot. Since the rape, I haven't been out at night alone. I won't go to Mac's Milk alone. No way! I won't take the chance. I don't even talk to anybody I don't know, especially men. I learned my lesson the hard way."

"I learned" she learned, the rape, is that "no silly woman cannot go out and drink alone. That's not permitted." When she first learned of the rape, she also learned that she had been "encouraged" to by being alone in a bar on the first floor. "But I didn't know I was doing anything wrong. It was early evening and I had come in with a friend. I wasn't flaunting myself! On the one hand, I guess it was pretty silly of me to stay alone drinking in the bar but, on the other hand, I had a right to be there. What is life supposed to be, anyway — just sitting in a corner having anything to do with people?"

"The worst thing about this whole experience is wondering if it's going to happen again. Every man, every last, is a potential rapist every single man."

The women at the rape crisis centre, who helped her through the trial, have encouraged Linda to study law. "They say I have the mind for it, that I could help other women. I do want to

help...even in my own small way. When I feel stronger, I'm going to walk at the centre."

When we who have not been raped emphasise our lives out by avoiding dangerous situations and confrontations, by living in fear of rape, the result is that we become victims too, our actions and our lives are severely curtailed by what might be going on in men's minds. Such theories as victim participation deficit" from dealing with the root causes of rape, and fix our thinking on fake solutions.

the changing of the victim

Golda Meir wasn't the first woman to point out that a man who should be kicked up at night to make the streets safe for the rest of us. Blaming the victim means you can believe that women are raped because we are manipulative and lascivious, and not because our political and sexual exploitation makes us every man's fucking bag. ☐

*This is the first of two articles on rape by Myrna Krause.*

## It was a great week.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY BRIAN GIBSON

# THE PRIME OF MS. JUDY LAMARSH

At 50, the bird in a gilded cage is flying freer than ever  
BY HEATHER ROBERTSON

Judy LaMarsh leans forward in her armchair, blinking slightly in the glow of the TV studio lights. "You are known as a 'mature dominatrix,'" she says, fixing her male guest with an eye blazed and magnified by glasses thick as the bottoms of pop glasses. "What makes you tick?" The man squirms, blushing pink and wincing guiltily, then casts a furtive glance at Judy's dark eyes. She fills the atmosphere with her blithe nonchalance: "The other woman who quit the Pearson government in 1968, her face in full bloom like hers, pleased only because her hair, the base of her existence, escaped shorn. When the man finally answers, she leans on him with her radiant smile, the ear-to-ear smile which transforms her suddenly into a beautiful woman," she says, "because my face in repose looks like I'm going to snip the head off somebody."

At 50, she is still the familiar figure of the newspaper photographs and cartoons, but older, more relaxed. She radiates confidence, goodwill and control, a far different woman from the tame, house-mouse mixture of green blouse or black fishnet stockings I saw during the election campaign of 1969. She is wrapped down now, benefit of the bound legs and sheer-neck dangling earrings, the feathered hair and strings of delicate pearls. She is still her good, long-preserved queen of the long, lissome, lissankin and red vinyl blouse in which she used to show off her shapely legs. Instead, there's a cartoon on the door of her office at Gagode Hall Law School in Toronto showing a man with his trousers pulled up over his knobby knees and a female executive saying "Please, let's get your legs." Five years as the only woman in the Liberal cabinet made Judy LaMarsh one of Canada's most ardent advocates for women's rights.

"More ministers who leave government go on to half-a-dozen boards and their friends rally around," she says. "That certainly didn't happen to me. I never even been offered an appointment

by the government. I looked for a job in Toronto and was rebuffed because I was a woman. Oh, I've had lots of frustration but I always thought it was limited to myself. It came in control the biggest surprise to find there were others who had the same frustrations. I always used to think with them nothing. I used to do about a '70s, the way things are, I mean there are lots of things that can be changed. We have very lucky and happy corporations as far as work some of the things I've learned. I've been able to grow."

Instead of fading into general retirement when she left the government after five years as Minister of National Health and Welfare and Secretary of State, Judy wrote her autobiography, *Menace Of A Bird In A Gilded Cage*, an explosive account of her years as an explosive MP, which established her as a media political icon, and literary celebrity. She had her own TV show in Ottawa and took a job as host of a radio host programme in Vancouver, the most competitive market in Canada when she quickly topped the long, Jack Webb slot in the ratings. In 1974, she returned to the east to teach law at Osgoode Hall, the quiet, respectable school from which she had graduated as president of her class in 1969. Her sevdilete is staggering: she is a director of Unilever Bank and a member of the Queen's Council, the phone-in television show, taken two hours every Sunday night, she writes a weekly column for the Toronto Star and appears as a political commentator on CBC radio. Judy regularly turns up at meetings for reform in family and divorce law, attends fund-raisers and burns herself out as guest speaker for every thing from the Canadian Bar Association to the manufacturers of lingerie. "The speeches, and kinds of things I'm being asked to do are more embarrassing now," she says with a wistful smile. "I'm much more respectable."

"Judy is remarkable," says a magazine editor. "What's she up to?" Her phone rings. She hangs up, takes money. "Call me back when you find

out how much you can pay." Judy is very hard-nosed about money. It shocks some people. "Some people think an eminent minister should just sit on her comfortable bottom and smile," she says. She earns a lot and spends a lot, but for things she believes in, her motto is clear: "What makes you tick?"

The telephone is almost an extension of her arm. Judy is captured in a continuous conversation. She talks in a steady, conversational, flowing, smooth, dropping her, a rough-edged, witty language liberally laced with mild profanity which tends to cover her intelligence and identify her with the common man.

Trying to see her I feel I'm hacking my way through the Enhanced Forest toward the Sleeping Beauty Town at the end, after weeks of dogged persistence, the final encounter contains dubious assurance. "You want to see me?" she says coyly, breaking my way in with a smile. "I am really by her door. I am not in the role of the kindly upstart, cackling lower, my voice is small almost apologetic my manner difficult. I seek to please. I find myself down on my knees plugging in the coffee pot. There is no doubt about who is the stronger woman. There is an instant, almost sexual tension in the air, we are in the rough and ready, a man's a red hot cigar, the sexual quality to her real name — Judy Verlyn LaMarsh. ("My name," she said later, "sounds like something that should be up in lights over a strip-tease theater.") I am Alice before the Queen of Hearts. I can understand now why men are fascinated by her power and terrified of her sting, and how this ambivalent relationship has made her an outstandingly successful politician and then almost disappear her.

She was elected to the House of Com-

*Heather Robertson is a contributing editor of *Maclean's*. This article is excerpted from the book, *Her Own Woman: Profiles of 10 Canadian Women*, to be published by Macmillan in April.*

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## She was our No. 1 Spinster in 1964

mean in Halloween 1966. She was 15 and one of the "face people" of Niagara Falls, in the girls' section. She had prettified her with her dad's. W. C. Lethbridge a do-it-in-the-wood liberal, for seven years ("We fought like cats and dogs till the ass"), and belonged to just about every civic and charitable organization in Niagara Falls. She organized her constituency thoroughly, working with the women, and campaigned aggressively in the factories. "I was," she says, "no party-party female afraid to speak up for her constituents." She was by 5,000 votes, her opponent just ahead his deposit, the only one who has. When she got to Ottawa, she learned, bitterly, that she was alone.

"No one on the Liberal side gave less of a damn whether I was there or not. I sat there for two years and then I started to talk. They were never listening. In the end, with them, though, women were more than an afterthought; that it was a frank admission that I got there, and I ought to be modestly pleased with that and not try to contribute."

July had enthusiasm a passionate devotion to the Liberal party and the gift of all gran politicos, an unerring instinct for a hot political issue, an witty wit and looks on embassy routes, she was aware of the Diefenbaker government's weakness on defense long before the Liberal heresy. She and Paul Hellyer urged Pearson to take a stand in favor of nuclear disarmament. For Canada's NATO forces the issue that would hurl the Liberals back into power in 1963.

When the Liberals formed the government after that, Helmut July was appointed to the health and welfare ministry. She was strong, intelligent, with 17 years of service to the Liberal Party, and she was the only woman.

"The No. 1 Spinster," Canada's abroad magazine, hailed her in 1964. Colleagues such as Doug Fisher, a fellow member from the University of Toronto, described her as "an odd bird," a drift sergeant in jazz bands, "a crossbreed between Charlie Winston" No one knew how to deal with July outside the conventional stereotype she was a挺挺 old maid, she was the last. She was usually surrounded by her cabinet colleagues and other MPs ("I think that I had lunch with one or another of my colleagues on an informal basis more than a handful of times. They simply didn't think of calling out and I invited them to eat them"), she was off from dinner with people invited by her position from normal relationships with men.

She was moved down by the uniform when she couldn't see the eye chart

"It was sexual hostility, a feeling that I was a boll in a chess shop, not only that but it was a male chess shop and I should not draw attention to myself. The other reason is that I was a less popular character in those days and I think that myself get so much as anything to do with something about that. I've noticed since I've looked like this that there's probably no hostility from women. I guess they don't think I'm any kind of challenge."

"Women made me uncomfortable. I really didn't know women could get out of government. I had school friends but I had never met any female friendships in my adult years. I had a great friend in college and she lived in Ontario. We had lunch together one day and never saw each other after that. Maybe they felt dominated and threatened by me. I haven't any idea. I was scared of them because my life had been so different. I had lived in a male world since I was 18 in the army, in a life leg, as a lawyer."

July was the second of four children. Her youth in Chatham, Ont., and Niagara Falls was in every way respectable. She was a good student but did better at athletics than she did at exams. She read movie magazines, kept a diary in French which she spoke as a secret language with her best friend ("In Niagara Falls it was a secret language") and won red-and-blue boys.

"I didn't date very much at high school. I was. I suppose, like so many to any interests of boys in that way. I was always everybody's friend. I kept all those boys in my room, and possibly popular or otherwise like closed off, and so on. I would have two or three male friends and I always had a door for a dinner or something but they weren't the football heroes or anything like that. I'm sure I was about the third or fourth person they'd asked. And that was discussed even when I was in high school. My mother said, 'You're the kind of person who'll be more popular when you're older.' I wasn't representative about sex. God I think I was a virgin until I was about 27. And that's after I was in the army from 18 to 21."

"I always wanted to be a lawyer. I don't think my father ever accepted that. I was going to be a lawyer and I left college and went to Osgoode. I had never discussed it with him. I had always planned to go to university. I had a moment. When I graduated from high school my dad said, 'No I can't do that. I don't have the money and your brother is coming along.' He name him. It was the biggest shock of my life, to be told I couldn't go to university."

She was moved down by the uniform when she couldn't see the eye chart



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# CAROLINA ON MY MIND

The joys of warming up to history and sunshine

BY ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

I've not seen a kid live read that I can find since an episode of *Katy Hawk*, a tragic piece of flying scandal and tears but no real location. A while ago when my wife and I drove across the Virginia-North Carolina state line we decided to find it.

We turned east along U.S. 158 through some rural swamps and coastal country just east of the Great Dismal Swamp where we listened to a herd baying deep inside a cypress forest that draped over the water like a thick dark shroud and reached the ocean at the northern end of the 120-mile-long river's banks called the Dismal Banks. This is a remote, regional reached from the mainland in the north and by bridges some of which are two miles long, and is the south end by ferry. Driving down pot-

iron Island is like being out in the middle of the Atlantic on wheels. The only visible land is the strip way up the gulf coast along about 10 feet above your car itself.

The Dismal Banks are a indescribably place in mid-winter we were there on Christmas Eve. The sheltered summer homes staring at the dunes in the late afternoon sun as if they're thinking of something. We got a room at a nearly empty Holiday Inn and it was time for a walk on the beach a spookily place at night the waves sounding as if they're plotting to slip around behind you and knock you out to sea.

This is the region where the English made their first attempt at a North American colony. Sir Walter Raleigh sponsored it but all he got out of his investment (estimated in terms of today's money at around \$280,000) was some seeds of tobacco plants which the Indians grew in their gardens like pot-

Raleigh planted the seeds of his name at Roanoke, Ireland. The colony or rather the second one (the first group gave up and went back to England) disappeared completely and it's not known yet what happened to them.

We drove into the village of Kinston next morning. A woman who'd come out of a store with a loaf of Sourdough bread (she's not the northern kind that advertises "No holes," but it tastes about the same like farm rubber) told me that people were always coming into Kinston Black along about the place where the Wright brothers flew their plane but it took place down the road a piece at Kill Devil Hill.

This is a big military mound with a few jettisons on its slopes, all leaping away from the ocean. There's a monument on top so the Wright brothers. About a half a mile to the north there's a museum with a replica of their plane that was all closed Christmas Day but I



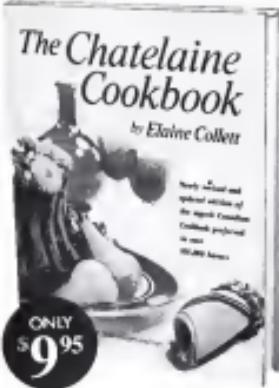
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# IF HOCKEY HAD A GODFATHER, HE'D BE KEN MCKENZIE

By Stan Fischer

Daddy Keavie, entrepreneur and hockey nut, would have approved of Ken McKenzie, entrepreneur and hockey nut. With a distribution of facts, fiction and verbiage, he earned a \$400 stake into a four-environmental fortune and a nest, at age 32, the undisputed emperor of hockey publishing. His Montreal-based stable includes *Hockey News* — a weekly, and two monthlies — *Hockey Times* and *Hockey World*.

Ken's *Hockey News* (subscription: 110,000 weekly) has become the *Pronto* of the game, indispensable to the card collector and a must for every executive. One night game this with a pocket lined with gold, and with the hockey score listed on the phone, *Price's Finger*, McKenzie says, "I'd be happy to report you're a valuable writer. Right?"

"We're a publishing success," says Dick Hollands of the *Globe and Mail*. "The writing is immensely interesting compared to what it could be and I respect such meticulousity."

Toronto Star columnist Tom Foyne adds: "The establishment is always right on *Hockey News*. The stories read like *Parables*. As far as credibility, it's nothing but a house organ for the NHL."

This is hardly surprising considering the publication's roots. *Hockey News* was born and bred in the NHL's Montreal office in 1947 when McKenzie was an NHL publicist. With a grand total of \$383.81, and Clarence Campbell's blessing, he obtained out *Hockey News* circular on the NHL mimeograph machine and put his weekly off the ground and sprung high within a year. It weathered pre-hockey's recession in the early Fifties and turned positively British when the NHL expanded from six to 12 teams in 1967. Insetions across the continent began taking note of McKenzie's money machine.

Among the more ardent observers were the investment connection from Whitney Communications, Whitney, which also publishes *Junior Drags Are As Always* and *Recreational Living*, and McKenzie's estimated four million dollars for 1975 of the *Hockey News* stock. McKenzie kept the remaining 20%, confirmed as publisher, president, editor-in-chief and chief policy-maker. Daddy would have approved.

The paper sells in the U.S., Taiwan, Malaysia and just about every place north, east, south and west. And that's where its main strength and irresistible attraction lies. Pull up a copy and you'll learn about the Tim-Krocks, Dairymen, the Winston Salem Poles, Twists, the Philadelphia Firebirds and the Columbus Dust. Not to mention the Montreal Canadiens and Toronto Maple Leafs.

McKenzie has been threatened with direct competition only twice. In 1972, World Hockey Association publisher Lee Meade began publishing a weekly, *The Hockey Spectator*, which was promptly funded by the WHA. It folded in the middle of the 1973-74 season. Ed Clark, a brash young man from Vancouver, launched a publication called *Hockey Journal* in September 1977. He moved it to Toronto and fell, hopefully, to a price of McKenzie's vast market. Within three months Clark had run out of cash and at last report was



desperately seeking new investors to keep it alive.

"The guys who run *The Hockey Spectator* were stupid," says McKenzie, because they took too many other things and not concentrating on the paper. "I've given every ounce of my energy and blood, sweat and tears over since I started *Hockey News* and I still sell \$40,000 worth of advertising each month. As for *Hockey Journal*, there were two reasons: the guy came in monthly instead of weekly and he was underpriced."

U. M. students made any financial mistakes in building his empire, they have not been apparent. "I think of the *Hockey News*," says Ken, "when I go to bed at night and first thing when I wake up in the morning."

But to journalistic purity, Ken has made many other mistakes, not the least of which is tolerating the inferior quality of *Hockey News*'s print. *Hockey News*, says Sport magazine executive editor Murray Bell, "breathes a damp's malice that won't go with white buckles."

"When his publications are considered," says Montreal Star sports columnist Ted Fisher, "Ken comes on as strong as a crane of park. I'm full of admiration for what he accomplished because he shrugged off the rags — all salubrity — with a laugh and a smile. I wouldn't say he's thick-skinned but the elephant gun has not yet been invented that can hang him down."

The NHL buys 300 copies a week for distribution to its media friends. "You've got to give McKenzie credit," says New York sporting goods operator Mike Cosby, who sells *Hockey News* in his Madison Square Garden Shop. "He built the empire all by himself. Sure he made peace with the NHL, but it was a case of suggesting or failing. If you were at war with the NHL you didn't succeed."

Now that all competition is gone, the inevitable question is, who's going to keep *Hockey News* honest?

Curiously, the deaths of both competing publications, combined with McKenzie's growing wealth, may have emboldened him to the point of turning the publication into a candid, tough-talking paper while retaining the best of its encyclopedic imprint. McKenzie promises at much.

"*Hockey News* has been blind on the past," Ken insists. "It was I who got the future. We're going to hit the best writers and report the facts as they are."

It's difficult to imagine *Hockey News* telling it like it is, especially if an NHL governor goes in just. Such snarls would mean, as it has in the past, a phone call to McKenzie telling him to "cut out that negative crap or we'll turn *Hockey News* out of our road."

Nowadays such advice wouldn't be very wise. "If any of them try to push me too hard now," says McKenzie with a confident grin, "they'll get it right back. Now I've got more money than half these NHL owners."

Stan Fischer is a journalist, author of several books and a *Junior* columnist for the *Hockey News*.

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# AGATHA CHRISTIE: MURDER WITH A TOUCH OF CLASS

By John Hofsser

A Canadian or American might reasonably produce a film as cerebral and elegant as *Murder On The Orient Express*, though given the state of our movie service one is more likely to encounter official thus juvenile and mechanical粗糙的 of terror. We know about murder all right, it's the Orient Express part that stinks on.

The film, directed by Sidney Lumet, from a vintage Agatha Christie novel (published in North America as *Murder Is The Glass Coach* 1934) with 14 major stars (Albert Finney, Ingrid Bergman, Vanessa Redgrave, John Gielgud, Rachel Roberts, Sean Connery, Lauren Bacall, above, among them) is further proof that whatever Britain's industrial, economic and political problems it remains culturally invincible: the current Broadway season would be wholly unmarketable without its British imports (*Equus*, *Private Li Li Et Al*, *Abused Person*, *Sospiri*, *Sheneket*, *Julius Caesar* to name a few of the hits). North American television would be starved for sophistication were a set for British programs such as *Crimes Against Man*, *Murderpiece Theatre*, *Murphy Parker's Flight* (CCTV shows many others, helping by the way people are living up to *Marley On The Orient Express* a lot of Hungarians have a head for its inimitable touch of dash).

In the 50-odd years that Agatha Christie has been publishing her novels, more than 800 million copies have been sold. Surprisingly few films have been made from her immensely popular stories, and none better than *Orient Express*. The makers of *Two Little Soldiers* and *And Then There Were None* (same story, same mood), *Witness For The Prosecution* or the *Mrs Marple* series (which became a delightful vehicle for the late Margaret Rutherford but a poverty of Christie's) created the obvious — suspense — in her work, whereas Sidney Lumet shrewdly perceives that Christie is primarily a commentator on manners and morals.

There are other mystery writers who, less for line, plot or plot, are superior to Dame Agatha but they don't sell nearly as well. Christie's special appeal, I suggest, is due to her superiority by classic definition "formalism" is the juxtaposition of two unlikely objects, ranges or ideas, provoking shock or suspense — a famous example being the dead donkey draped over a piano in *Soldado Dalí's* and Luis Buñuel's *Un Chien Andalou* (1929). Even the title here, *Murder On The Orient Express* (about *The Body In The Library*, *A Murder Is Announced* etc.) reveals Christie's penchant for combining sets of words with gender, appearance, social environments. In America where readers can (and do) take place anywhere, where nothing is sacred (not even Martin Luther King's mother singing hymns), it is her church as source of formalism a possible Christie England, however, is a country of strong inhibitory control over behaviour, the singulars (mild in the writing place, of the wrong time, by the wrong name) is pressed upon. An IRB board at Harrow's isn't just a danger to life and limb, it's ungodly vulgar. "There are some things that just aren't done, old boy."

Christie's view of life is measured and well-balance, one might even say of life is measured and well-balanced one



might sum it up that none of us are strangers to evil and sets of violence, but here *Death*, the world of manners, desire, taste and refinement (use of money — the connoisseurs of elegance — will prove it). Given the typicality of people like Hercule Poirot, Miss Marple, Tuppence Beresford, the chance of being in which everyone is a "other plus well-meaning friends, and all these various criminals and political operators who threaten our peace of mind and social stability will be convicted, exposed and punished. Now let's have another cup of tea.

While all the actors in *Murder On The Orient Express* do their best to make Christie's view of public society seductive and compelling, the principal star of the film is an actress-ographer, Geoffrey Rushmore (who also did the outstanding work on *1981: A Space Odyssey* and *Calderon*). For the first time Christie's weird world is inhabited in all of its splendor and consonance.

He captures every nuance of Christie's world on the wane, in the customs, during rituals, customs of conversation and refinements of behavior. Of course there is a mystery being played out here — a murder, a case to be solved, interrogations, deductions, and a surprise ending — but what matters most is the pleasure and panache of Christie's chosen people savoring yet another theme to their lifestyle.

One need only compare Christie's world to that of the popular American television drama *Colorado* to grasp the crucial mythological differences between the two societies. Colorado stories also take place among the super-rich, but unlike Christie's Hercule Poirot who appreciates elegance Colorado prefers it. "Jew, is this the real eastern, wait till I tell the wife..." "All you've ever wondered who this snape-smoking, ad-libbing, lower-middle-class hangover with his drabbed-up Northumbrian and equally old, soiled French east never investigates creeps or low-life, low-rent districts and always goes to highbrow maniacs who are rich, forces, intelligent, respectable and (that's how) ruthlessly ambitious. It is because we are not dealing here with "victims" so much as with socially intrusive forty-fives. Colorado's message is that America's strength lies with its common man: he may be gaudy but by God hell have the country from all these overreaching, overbearing members of an elite tribe. Colorado is as suspicious and cynical about the upper classes in *Murder On The Orient Express* as about the vulgar, unscrupulous servants alike.

Christie's endlessly for a passing age and her acute sensitivity to the processes of widespread social change in England is no longer the lesson of a softy sentimental Milady of middle-class people now find themselves increasingly estranged from the pleasures and tensions of life to be equally threatened by inflation and a population constantly growing larger and more ungodly. What she felt, then, now, feels. *The Orient Express* is a symbol for all the graceful and beautiful things which time and crudeness people destroy. Sooner or later a sense of loss comes to us all.

Christie's view of life is measured and well-balanced one

# ON A MACLEAR DAY YOU COULD WATCH FOREVER

By Philip Marchand

Not so long ago, whenever the producers of Canadian television programs would so恭维地 themselves, they could always bring up the subject of public information shows. Once are among the best in the world, they would say. Sure, the American invented *I Love Lucy* and *Gunsmoke*, beloved by everybody from Turks in Pigrum, but American attempts at serious current affairs programming are like the dull speeches given at a banquet before the main course comes out. In contrast, they would point out, our own public affairs programs are treated with respect and friendliness, and, what's more, people *love* them in the homefolds of Canada actually pay attention to them.

In a way, all this was true. I know young men and women today who became interested in journalistic careers for the first time because of *This Hour Has Seven Days*, with Patrick Watson and Laurier LaPierre. It was undoubtedly a wonderful show, revolutionizing the art of the interview, and in the present reaching a vast audience of Canadians who had never been touched by a public affairs program before. There was that wacky, volatile LaPierre and that soothing, affable Watson — a man mixture of Gothic cheer and Way west. Watson, in particular, had this amazing attack when he interviewed feds or lions. He would gently back them into corners and point with his questions until you could see, as the cameras closed in on them, anxiety begin to eat the warty faces on their foreheads.

Now, of course, *This Hour* is long gone, having faded only in mythological reputation as the classic *Canada* era news affairs show. The new public information showcases *Prime Time*, *Adviseur*, *At Large*, and so forth, are, at their best, sturdy, informative, and mildly exciting. One does not want to be too critical of them. Still, in comparison with *This Hour*, they are paid and uninteresting, and they do not make Canadian dreams stuffy.

Whether we should go back to show like *This Hour* *Seven Days* it's another question. Five years later it and *707* the concept of that show, with its emphasis on "confrontation," was simply a part of the ethos of the *Two Sisters*, after all, and that public information programming for the *Seventies* should concentrate on covering stories, "as depth." This argument ensures that *Seven Days* can get to the truth underlying the great problems of the times if it just probes deeply enough. But the sort of underlying truth television achieves will always depend on who is doing it. An English CBC news team will give you a different story about the future of Quebec than a French CBC news team, any time. The three-part *CBC documentary* *Elements* (of *Barrie*, shown last September, was as deep and judicious a commentary on the problems of the world food shortage and population explosion as you could hope for. Yet it was a demonstration that *707* failed in its own purpose. For all its profundity, the series merely succeeded in dragging the viewer for a full bear, and as never-bear to be suggested.

I don't think, then, that the innumerable critics of "in-



depth" reportage are as useful as the more cerebral critics of how well a public information show can startle, outrage, inspire or generally move the viewing audience. To satisfy that critics of public affairs programs must have two elements that were always present in *This Hour*. The first is a willingness to take chances, to polarize audience areas. The willingness to be enterprising, even at the risk of being dead wrong on opinions, has been conspicuously lacking in late in our public affairs programming. About the only show recently which might have caused a ripple in public consciousness was a segment on *CTV's* *W7* regarding the Vancouver RCMP drug squad of trafficking in drugs, stealing and using terror and brutality for controlling the drug trade.

Audie from that report, the show was not paid such shows as *Prime Time* and *W7* are not calculated to pick you up right on your shoulder. A low or outright disgrace, like *Prime Time* sign-off on Montreal city councilor Nick Auf Der Maat, faced with bubble stroop and the cozy humor of a CBC in group. The new tend to use for corporate film establishment enveloping, in the incomparable phrase of Sam Lerner, producer of the CBC series *Godless*, could information "W7" has a report on some facts planned to back out west from Ontario in a wagon train, accompanied with sapphic from the States who is developing the future workforce. These can beeterminating news, certainly, but they come paradoxically close to that horrid old category of news reportage known as the "horror interview story," the fact that they're often the best these shows have to offer is truly depressing.

The second necessary element is a host or interviewer with a strong personality. It is an important element, really, as the willingness to talk choices. On that score CBC in particular comes out a loser. Dan McDonald of *Prime Time*, for example, is pleasant to watch but too mild and too ingenuous to talk any kind of the viewers heart. As for Adrienne Clarkson of *Adviseur*, At Large, there seems to be a basic inability to be a good interviewer of interviewing people on unpredictable that means a explosive has in her. It is the more open, unbuttoned quality of *CTV's* Michael MacLear that doubtless accounts for his greater appeal. He comes for closer to redressing, stimulating and posturing than Clarkson ever would, and yet it is obvious because every word he says, wob, no apology to anyone. Of all the current affairs commentator now in the air he most embodies the qualities that made *This Hour* *Seven Days* a touchstone for current affairs programming.

**WATCH CORPORATION** (CBC — Sunday, 8 p.m.) The best film documentary series of the season, offering a close look at the inside of one of Canada's largest corporations, Steinberg's Ltd. of Montreal. **BEWARE: IT'S MY MAMA** (CTV — check local listing) Another ethnic success, this one demonstrating that a Black family can be as insipid as white folks.

# SMOKEHOUSE TALES: THE STEAMY SIDE OF INDIAN LORE

By Kildare Dobbs

Sentimental books about Canadian Indians by descendants of the white men who dispossessed them are not my favorite reading, but despite my vow not to read any more Indian books, unless written by the Indians themselves, I found myself enjoying *Tales From The Smokehouse* by Robert T. Schwartz (Atheneum, \$7.95). The illustrations are by George Ohring, an Indian, and the stories Dr. Schwartz tells have been "collected" from Indians. (Ohring collects) Indians, apparently, like historians on the frontier, since native peoples are like our neighbors and gather stories are considered wild life, part of our culture. But the author dispenses only some stories. From his peniture on the jacket, glowing under a hat but like a cigar-store Indian, he's obviously a romantic.

The overwhelming nature of the title is a modest nod at which the Indians tell each other stories or tell steamy tales. Some of the stories are all sex, the stories told to celebrate male potency, though a couple of them try to make some of us troubling admissions. There is the lecherous bravo who, with the help of the medicine man, is able to detach his set penis and send it flying in its destination, where it programs the way for its wearer — a son of 6000 cultures. There is also the bad medicine woman who has teeth where she should be, a sexual nightmare familiar to psychiatry in the malevolent version of *Bonny and The Beast*, an Indian girl is possessed by a bear and of him becomes a bear-woman herself. The later stories, in which white men and white women lie off, are a kind of defensive folklore.

An Indian man, for example, has an affair with a lady teacher. She does things to him Indian girls are not shy to do, powering his life with longing for what he cannot have. He comes to a sad end. The reason for this story, by the way, is given in the lady teacher herself: a strange derision for Indian folklore. The moral — that whites are a heat for heat and heat avoided — may owe more to liberal guilt than to Indian tradition.

In the same way, a title setting forth the magnitudes of the traders who corrupt the Indians with foreign probably orgies is the dollar of housebroken and manacleds for their economic rivals. It was the housebroken, not the traders, who dispossessed the Indians and destroyed the base of their culture. They then and their posterity put all the blame on their rivals. Now they give sentimental about their victims.

How Indians are the sexual here in these stories? Dr. Schwartz says the erotic passages are "unpossible to present in their original form." He has interpreted them in his own narrative way which, as I've already suggested, is impossible enough. Ohring's illustrations cover something to wait until Indians are and may to Culture but they are not and may not.

What carries Schwartz's *Tales From The Smokehouse* is his skill as a writer. It is the same with Shuan Heroy's new novel *The Bird In Last Year's Nest* (McGraw-Hill and Stewart, \$7.95), which purports to take us into the minds of a few Basque revolutionaries.

Heroy (above) is a former U.S. attorney who won a CBC



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# CRIME AS VANCOUVER'S GROWTH INDUSTRY

By Heather Robertson

Walking through a shopping arcade in Vancouver's Gastown in a sunny afternoon I almost bump into four men huddled in a corner of an outdoor stall. They are young, three are pale and grey looking, strong for their age and black leather jackets, one is black. They glance up at me briefly, snarl, and slouch together, nervous their backs are not bent over something. The black man points left off a road so big it fits his hand, the sweet smell of hashish drifts in the air.

I am surprised to see hash being sold so openly in a respectable public place, but that is Vancouver, the newest capital of Canada, home to an army of 10,000 tourists, prostitutes, priests, punks, bikeras, bashes and bibles, a crazy city of contradictions and can more where the check cashing is notorious for fraud and organized crime is quietly buying up legitimate business and investing in real estate.

Crime is Vancouver's growth industry. In fact it is a booming business trade — it is estimated that half the North American supply of heroin from South East Asia is imported via British Columbia. More than two tons of heroin pass through BC to the United States every year. BC addicts consume more than 1,000 pounds of heroin worth \$25 million a year, cocaine and "soft" drugs account for an equal amount.

Dope has become such a serious problem in Vancouver that the province has established the Coordinated Law Enforcement Unit, a task force of RCMP and city police to investigate organized crime. CLEU's initial report gives a shocking outline of the Vancouver underworld.

According to the report the traffic in narcotics is controlled by eight or 10 Vancouver syndicates, some are Ontario, the others Canadian. The profits are staggering. A pound of heroin can be bought in Asia for \$7,500. It sells to the top man in Vancouver for \$25,000. By the time it is cut or diluted and placed in golden capsules it is worth \$3,000 an ounce to the middle man. An ounce yields 900 caps which sell to street dealers at \$600 for a bundle of 25. The dealer pushes them to addicts for \$35 to \$40 a cap.

A joker with a two-day-old baby needs \$25,500 a year to buy dope. Nobody wants it by buying theft, mugging, fencing, gambling or armed robbery. Violent crime in BC has more than doubled in the last 10 years and CLEU authorities estimate that 70% of it is committed with drugs. The more adventurous will dole from the syndicates, they often end up in a back alleys with a bullet in the back. Murders in Vancouver increased 20% last year. Jenkins will kill each other to contract to a syndicate boss for as little as \$500 in CUCO pots.

Vancouver is the wild west of an organized crime gyration and Vancouver's Profits from the drug trade are splashed off into investment. The CLEU report states that up to 30% of the mining and small industrial stocks on the Vancouver exchange are manipulated. A group of 25 to 50 people with criminal records, including known gambling promoters and drug dealers, are involved in the market. I wonder why.



Joint-sharling operations are known to exist in British Columbia but these are concerned with drug trafficking. Organized crime is also active in cargo theft from the waterfront and docks, stolen equipment, securities, gambling, "loaned" bankruptcies and tax evasion.

Organized crime enables crooks to become "lucky" money by giving it a more respectable front. The money is then invested in legitimate businesses — hotels, nightclubs, amusement blocks — and real estate. There is considerable evidence that organized crime has made its way into the management of Vancouver's commercial and industrial life. The city reeks of corruption.

"Organized crime is not out of control," says BC Attorney-General Alex Macdonald, who set up the CLEU task force. "We should be optimistic that we are not like New Jersey where the thing has become so deep-rooted that it has corrupted politicians, infiltrated police and the judiciary." But last year a member of the RCMP drug squad was convicted of trafficking in hashish, three more officers were dismissed from the force and 12 were transferred. Police claim to know the names of the people at the top of the drug syndicates, yet have been entrapped to the US to face narcotics charges there but none have been prosecuted here.

Press reports and radio shows have been hysterical with periodic features about Granville St. drug deals, yet they remain mysteriously quiet about the structure, operations and vagueness of the drug industry. Commercial crime is virtually ignored. Few stock frauds are prosecuted successfully, no loan sharks have been charged. "The risk of apprehension and conviction is so slight that a financier would probably not consider it important to be isolated from the operation," says the task force report. Smuggling is not even mentioned as a criminal activity in the CLEU report and the case of wholesale theft on the waterfront remains unknown. Police plead lack of manpower. Is it apathy, ignorance, or a conspiracy of silence?

The city is thriving, business, construction and real estate are boozing. Nobody wants to give the city a bad name, some very terrible, nightmarish stories circulate. So they repeat: "Funny there never has been a book written about the drug trade in Vancouver," says journalist Barry Bannister, "but chances are good that you'd wind up dead under a bridge or beaten up in a Longley Protection by plainclothes of fire and middlemen, prostitutes, pimps and their prostitutes, the fish in the Vancouver underworld maintain a low profile. Nobody knows how high the syndicate network actually stretches."

Vancouver is not the only Canadian city where organized crime has gained a foothold. In Toronto a millionaire developer has a day to murder his wife, a hooker is blown up in her car, a Waayang baroness has her legs broken with a baseball bat. Evidence of organized crime is following everywhere. There has never been a federal investigation. I wonder why.



## The White Elephant

(Inset): white cream de cacao in 1.75L

This drink is aptly named. We couldn't discuss it among ourselves without arguing. Otherwise we'd have told you about it ages ago.

We agreed on the cream de cacao. But was it a White Elephant made with rum? About that, we couldn't agree.

So, we tested the drink both ways. The milk version won hands-down. "Delicious," states sold us. "You hardly know you're drinking liquor."

"That's why we opposed putting milk in the drink in the first place!" said the people who had opposed milk in the first place. "It goes down too easy."



"That's a problem we hasn't faced before. The drink has 2 oz of liquor in it and if you don't notice it at first, you are sure to feel it later. So, I hopefully you'll taste it and quickly such respect."

To make a White Elephant, Pour 1 oz. Smirnoff 1 oz. white cream de cacao and 1 oz. milk into a short glass with ice. Stir.

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It leaves you breathless

coolest...  
cleanest...  
most refreshing!



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of menthol

never hides the  
rich tobacco taste!